EVERY THURSDAY
PRICE 6d

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Mandy

Continued on back page.

Terry's award hopes suffer a cruel blow!

THE TESTS OF TERRY

TERRY MAXWELL, a fourteen-year-old girl from a rough housing area in Blacktoun, hoped to win the Duke of Edinburgh Award, but was sent to an Approved School after being wrongly convicted of breaking into a shop in Merkan Street.

Terry had been tricked into attempting to escape and, when she was caught, she was taken before the Blacktoun magistrates. Watching as Terry was taken into the juvenile court were Dusty Merton and Teddie Barnes, the two girls who had caused all the trouble.

THERE SHE GOES. SHE'S REALLY IN TROUBLE NOW.

IT'S A SHAME YOUNG MAXWELL ISN'T A BIT OLDER!

ILE COURT

YOU MEAN MAYBE SIXTEEN? I GET YOUR POINT.

The senior magistrate was once more Mrs Cunley, whose daughter, Celia, was friendly with Terry.

IF YOU WERE SIXTEEN, MAXWELL, I WOULD SEND YOU TO BORSTAL. BUT, SINCE YOU ARE NOT YET FIFTEEN, I WILL SEND YOU BACK TO APPROVED SCHOOL, WHERE THEY WILL KEEP YOU TILL YOU ARE EIGHTEEN.

THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE A WORD I SAID!

But Mrs Livesey, the lady whose shop had been burgled, spoke up.

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT, I WOULD LIKE TO HELP TERRY MAXWELL IF I CAN. CAN YOU APPOINT ME HER GUARDIAN INSTEAD OF THIS AUNT, HILDA JOHNSON, WHO HAS NEVER HELPED THE GIRL?

Terry had lived with her Aunt Hilda, since her father was in the Navy and was seldom home.

WHAT YOU ASK IS IMPOSSIBLE, MRS LIVESEY, BUT WE ARE AMAZED THAT YOU SHOULD BE SO GENEROUS TO THIS GIRL WHO TREATED YOU SO BADLY.

Terry was sent back to the Approved School.

HERE'S THE GREAT ESCAPER! SHE'S FOR IT NOW. A FLOGGING AND BREAD-AND-WATER FOR A MONTH!

AT LEAST JILL PLUMMER HAS TAUGHT ME TO TRUST NO-ONE HERE. I SUPPOSE I WILL BE CANED OR SOMETHING.

But in the Head's study—

THERE ARE NO PHYSICAL PUNISHMENTS HERE. WE DO NOT CANE OR STRAP OUR GIRLS. YOU WILL LOSE ALL PRIVILEGES. NO TELEVISION, SCHOOL CINEMA OR GAMES TILL FURTHER NOTICE.

IT'S THE FACT THAT I CAN'T CARRY ON WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD THAT REALLY UPSETS ME!

YOU'LL SLEEP ALONE, SEPARATE FROM THE OTHER GIRLS, MAXWELL.

WELL, I WON'T MIND THAT. BEING AWAY FROM JILL PLUMMER AND COMPANY IS NO HARDSHIP.

A week passed.

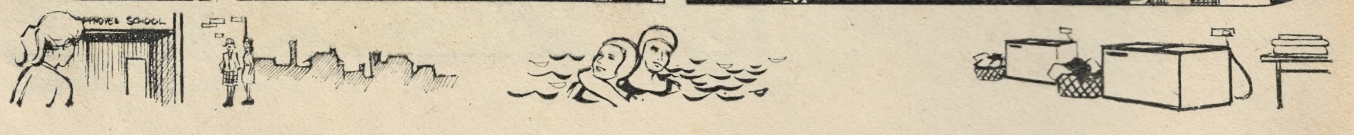
HOW IS MAXWELL DOING?

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THAT GIRL COULD HAVE GOT INTO SO MUCH TROUBLE. HER WORK IS VERY GOOD AND SHE REALLY TRIES.

Two days later, in the laundry—

MAXWELL'S ON THE BIG WASHING MACHINE! WAIT TILL IT STARTS GOING CRAZY. SHE'LL GET THE BLAME!

WHAT A SUCKER SHE IS! SHE'S TOO SOFT FOR WORDS!



SABOTAGE!

But Terry's keen ear had heard something.

SABOTAGE, MISS FERGUSON. SOMEONE'S PUT NUTS AND BOLTS INTO THE MACHINE.
IF THAT MACHINE HAD RUN ANY LONGER, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN RUINED, AND IT COST OVER A HUNDRED POUNDS. WELL DONE, MAXWELL.

Later that day, at the staff tea table—

YOU KNOW, HEADMISTRESS, MAXWELL'S QUICKNESS AND SHARP THINKING SAVED US A LOT OF MONEY AND TROUBLE TODAY.
TELL US ABOUT IT, MISS FERGUSON.

Miss Ferguson told the story, and then—

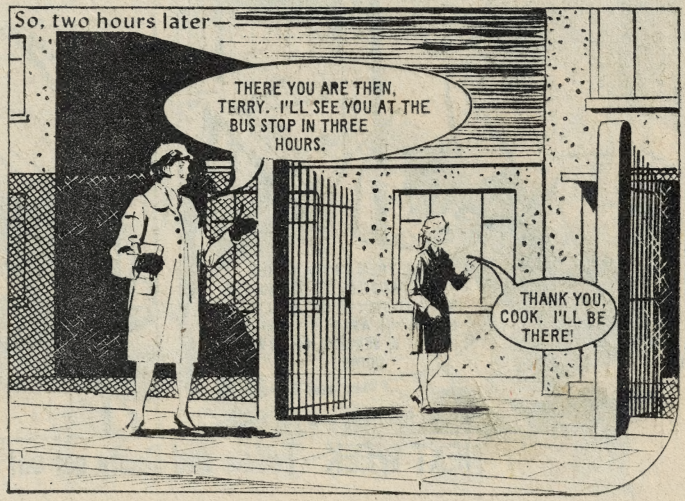
TERRY'S A WONDERFUL KID. SINCE SHE LOST HER RIGHT TO WATCH TELEVISION OR PLAY TABLE TENNIS AND THINGS, SHE'S SPENT HER NIGHTS HELPING ME IN THE KITCHEN.
THIS NEEDS LOOKING INTO. I'LL SEE TERRY IN MY ROOM.

Miss Carter, the Headmistress, was very fair and just.

VERY GOOD THEN, MRS LIVESEY. IT'S COOK'S NIGHT OFF AND SHE ALWAYS VISITS A SISTER IN BLACKTOUN. I'LL SEND TERRY IN, IF YOU'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER.
IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

RIGHT, MAXWELL, YOU WILL START YOUR LIFE-SAVING AND FIRST-AID AGAIN. COOK WILL TAKE YOU AND BRING YOU BACK. WELL, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, GIRL?
I'M SORRY, MISS CARTER. I'M SO HAPPY, THAT'S ALL.

So, two hours later—



A shock at the school.

Inside the club—
OH, DEAR, I WONDER WHAT THEY'LL DO OR SAY TO ME NOW THAT I'M A CONVICTED THIEF IN AN APPROVED SCHOOL?
TERRY! COME ON IN.

But then Celia came forward.

TERRY, HOW CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT MY MOTHER HELPED TO DO TO YOU? IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SPEAK TO ME I'LL UNDERSTAND.
OH NO, CELIA, I'M VERY HAPPY IF WE'RE STILL FRIENDS. IT MAKES A BIG DIFFERENCE TO ME.

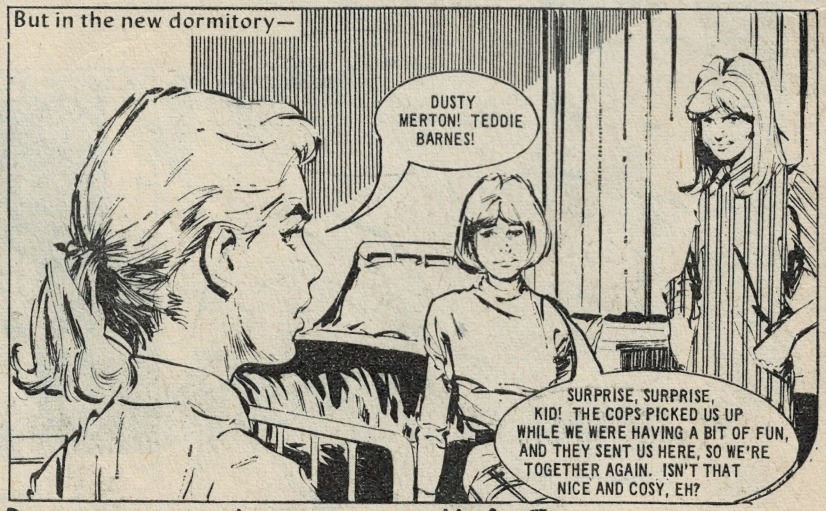
After the Ambulance Class was over—
COME ON, LET'S RACE TO THE BATHS AND DO SOME SWIMMING BEFORE THE FIRST-AID CLASS STARTS.
I, ER, HAVE TO WAIT FOR MRS LIVESEY. SHE IS, ER, IN CHARGE OF ME!

OFF YOU GO WITH CELIA, YOU SILLY GIRL. I TRUST YOU COMPLETELY. I KNOW YOU NEVER STOLE ANYTHING, AND I KNOW YOU WON'T RUN AWAY.
THANK YOU FOR BELIEVING IN ME, MRS LIVESEY.

Afterwards—
I'LL SEE YOU NEXT TUESDAY THEN, TERRY.
BUS STOP
I THINK THE HEAD IS GOING TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR ME TO DO THE OTHER PARTS OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD TOO. ISN'T IT SUPER?

Back at the Approved School—
AWAY WITH YOU, TERRY. YOU'VE BEEN PUT INTO A NEW DORMITORY. GO AND FIND IT.
NOT TILL I'VE DONE THE SUPPER DISHES, COOK. I'M SO HAPPY I COULD WORK ALL NIGHT!

Later—
I'LL TALK TO THE OTHER GIRLS AND TRY TO GET SOME OF THEM TO JOIN ME IN THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD. IT WOULD BE GREAT IF SEVERAL OF US WERE DOING IT.


But in the new dormitory—
DUSTY MERTON! TEDDIE BARNES!
SURPRISE, SURPRISE, KID! THE COPS PICKED US UP WHILE WE WERE HAVING A BIT OF FUN, AND THEY SENT US HERE, SO WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN. ISN'T THAT NICE AND COSY, EH?

NEXT WEEK—Teddie and Dusty set out to make even more trouble for Terry.

A day of despair for Transy.

The computer wore PIGTAILS

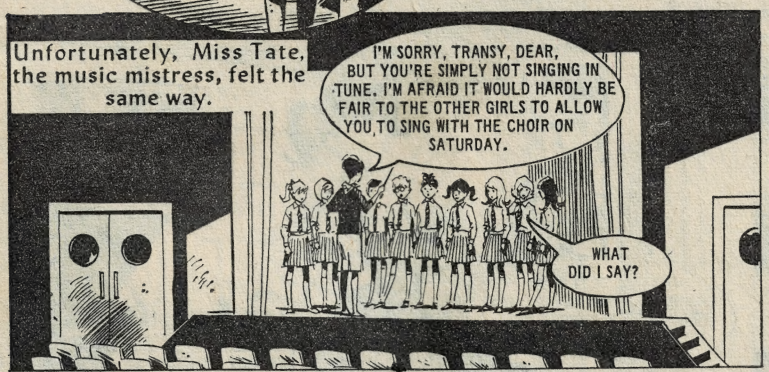
YOUNG Sally Gleade was "sister" to Transy, the first computer to look and act like a twelve-year-old schoolgirl. This was part of an experiment being conducted by I.T.M.—Imperial Transistor Machines—a firm specialising in the development of computers. Sally had to feed Transy with plastic programmes and special oil to enable her to take part in the various activities at Leewood School.

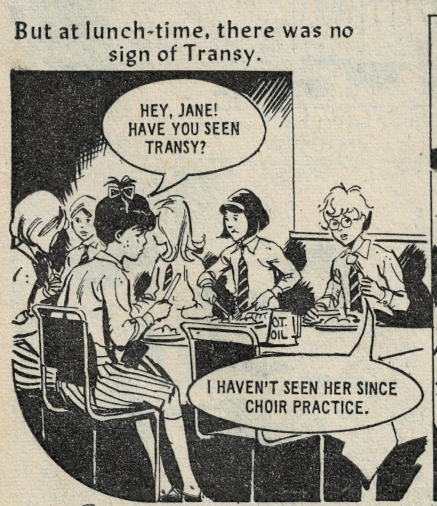
One morning, in the school swimming-pool—

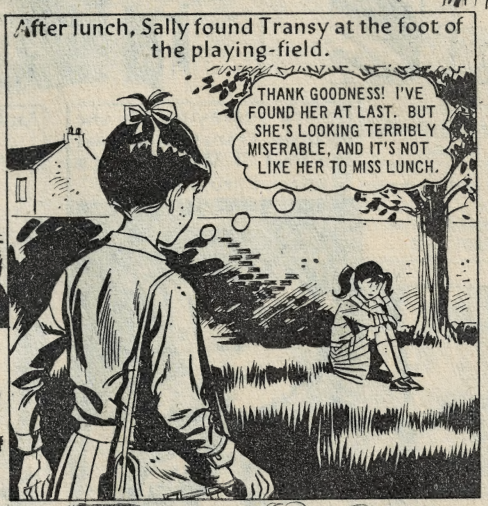
In the changing-room—
WE'D BETTER HURRY, GIRLS! THERE'S A CHOIR PRACTICE BEFORE LUNCH.
GOSH! WE MUSTN'T BE LATE FOR THAT. IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE OF REHEARSING FOR THE INTER-SCHOOLS' SINGING FESTIVAL ON SATURDAY.

The girls hurried to the assembly hall.
DON'T SAY YOU'RE COMING TO CHOIR PRACTICE, TRANSY! YOUR VOICE IS LIKE A CORN-CRAKE.
WHAT A BEASTLY THING TO SAY, MEG JONES!

DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF MEG, TRANSY. JUST DO YOUR BEST AND YOU'LL BE OK.
MEG'S RIGHT. SINGING JUST ISN'T ONE OF TRANSY'S GREAT TALENTS!


Unfortunately, Miss Tate, the music mistress, felt the same way.
I'M SORRY, TRANSY, DEAR, BUT YOU'RE SIMPLY NOT SINGING IN TUNE. I'M AFRAID IT WOULD HARDLY BE FAIR TO THE OTHER GIRLS TO ALLOW YOU TO SING WITH THE CHOIR ON SATURDAY.
WHAT DID I SAY?




After lunch, Sally found Transy at the foot of the playing-field.
THANK GOODNESS! I'VE FOUND HER AT LAST. BUT SHE'S LOOKING TERRIBLY MISERABLE, AND IT'S NOT LIKE HER TO MISS LUNCH.

COME ALONG NOW, TRANSY. IT'S ARITHMETIC WITH MISS BRIGGS THIS AFTERNOON, AND YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO WORK PROPERLY UNLESS YOU EAT YOUR MATHS PROGRAMME AND DRINK A DROP OF OIL.
O.T. OIL
TAKE THEM AWAY! TRANSY JUST DOESN'T FEEL LIKE EATING. LIFE IS NO FUN FOR A COMPUTER SCHOOLGIRL. NO SWIMMING. NO SINGING—NOTHING!

Transy the tape-recorder.

That afternoon, Miss Briggs was in one of her blackest moods.

WELL, TRANSY? I ASKED YOU A PROBLEM. WILL YOU KINDLY GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER?

ER. SORRY, MISS BRIGGS. TRANSY DIDN'T QUITE HEAR THE QUESTION.

PRECISELY! YOU HAVEN'T LISTENED TO ONE WORD I'VE SAID ALL AFTERNOON! AS A PUNISHMENT YOU WILL STAY IN AFTER SCHOOL.

GOSH! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING QUICKLY, OTHERWISE TRANSY WILL BE IN REAL TROUBLE.

After school, Sally telephoned Miss Boffet, the scientist responsible for Transy.

IT'S SO WORRYING, MISS BOFFET. TRANSY'S OFF HER FOOD AND SEEMS TO BE LOSING ALL INTEREST IN SCHOOL LIFE. COULDN'T SOMETHING BE DONE?

IT'S A TRICKY PROBLEM, SALLY, BUT I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH THE PROFESSOR. BRING TRANSY ALONG TO THE LABORATORIES ON SATURDAY, AND WE'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE.

On Saturday morning—

I'LL WALK WITH YOU AS FAR AS THE LABORATORIES, TRANSY, AND THEN I MUST BE OFF TO THE SINGING FESTIVAL. DO TRY AND CHEER UP! I'M SURE MISS BOFFET WILL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU.

At the I.T.M. Laboratories—

I SPOKE TO THE PROFESSOR, TRANSY, AND HE'S WORKING ON A VOCAL MODIFICATION UNIT WHICH WILL GREATLY IMPROVE YOUR SINGING. BUT IT'S A LONG AND DIFFICULT JOB.

SO IT ISN'T READY YET?

'FRAID NOT—BUT AS A TEMPORARY MEASURE, WE'VE DESIGNED YOU A HIGHLY COMPLEX MINIATURE TAPE-RECORDER, PLUS A TINY PLAYBACK DEVICE. THIS WILL ENABLE YOU TO SING ANY SONGS YOU HAVE HEARD SUNG BY THE CHOIR. YOU'LL NEED TWO SPECIAL PROGRAMMES AS WELL.

Transy went home feeling much happier, and Sally's mother was very relieved.

IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU LOOKING BETTER, TRANSY, DEAR. WILL YOU BE ALL RIGHT BY YOURSELF WHILE I GO SHOPPING?

TRANSY WILL BE FINE! SHE'S TO PLAY ALL SALLY'S POP RECORDS ON THE RADIOGRAM.

TRA-LA-LA! THESE ARE FAB RECORDS! HEY! THAT GIVES TRANSY AN IDEA...

Before replaying all the records, Transy swallowed the first of Miss Boffet's special programmes.

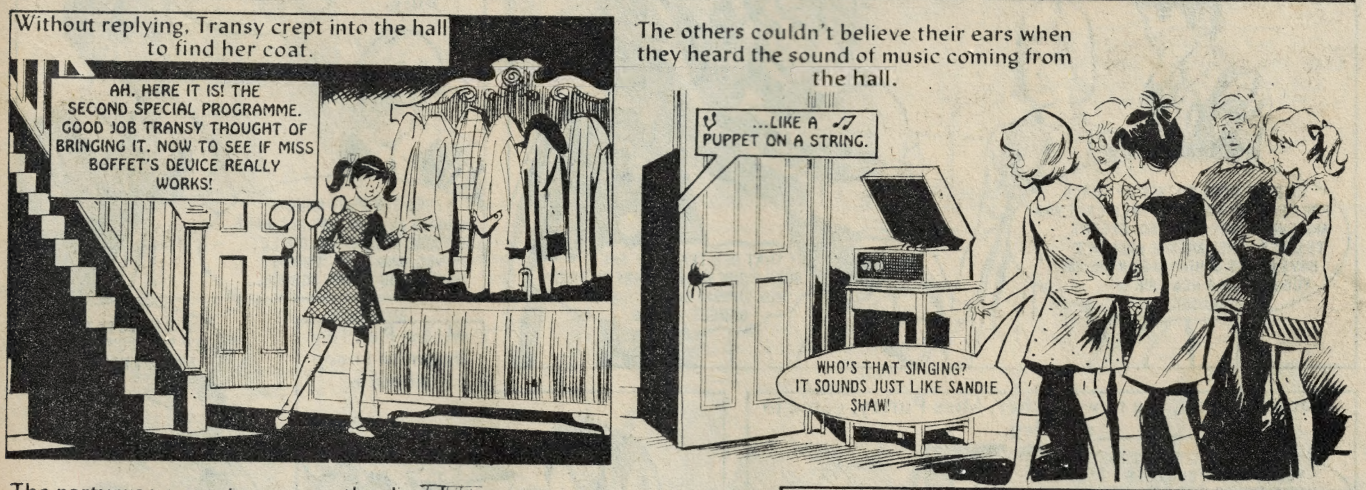
IT'S WORTH A TRY, ANYHOW. IF IT WORKS, IT'LL MAKE UP FOR MISSING THE SINGING FESTIVAL!

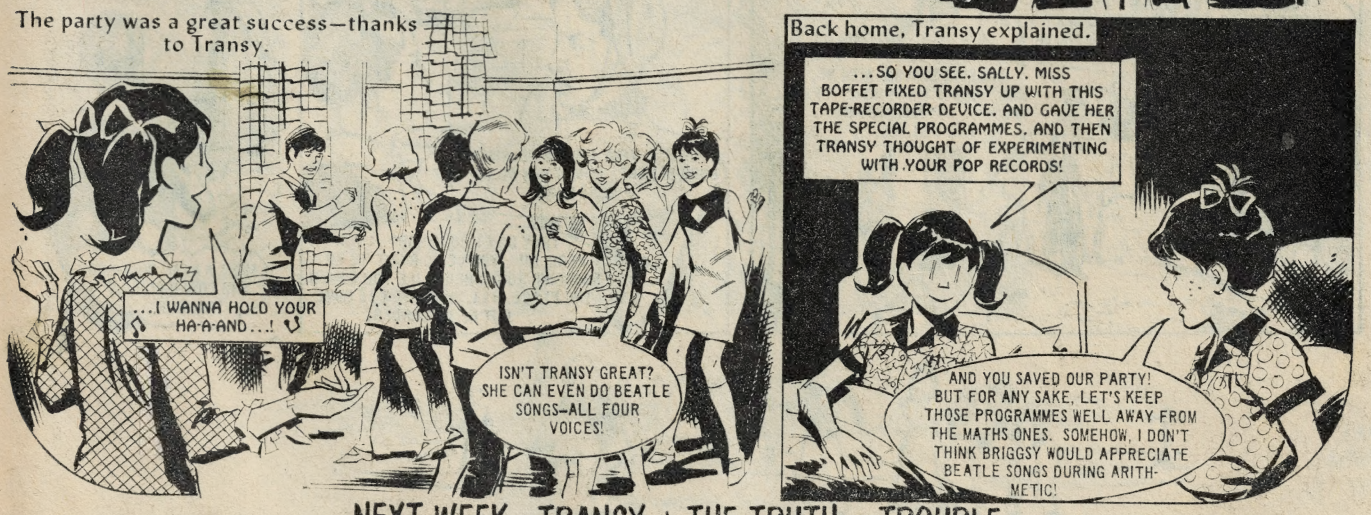
An hour later, Sally burst in excitedly.

GREAT NEWS! OUR CHOIR WON FIRST PLACE AT THE FESTIVAL! TO CELEBRATE, WE'RE ALL HAVING A PARTY AT JANE'S HOUSE. SHE WANTS YOU TO COME, TOO, TRANSY!

Transy is top of the pops.

There was no time for Transy to tell Sally about Miss Boffet's scheme.
HURRY UP, TRANSY, OR WE'LL MISS ALL THE FUN. WE MUSTN'T FORGET TO TAKE MY POP DISCS. JANE'S GOT A NEW RECORD-PLAYER.
The party was a great success until—
OH, NO! JANE'S RECORD PLAYER! YOU'VE KNOCKED IT OVER.
IT'S NO GOOD! IT JUST WON'T WORK ANY MORE.
HEY, TRANSY! YOU'RE ALWAYS BOASTING ABOUT YOUR MARVELLOUS ELECTRONIC BRAIN! CAN'T YOU MEND IT?
Transy discovered a broken valve.
OH, DEAR—AND ALL THE SHOPS ARE SHUT NOW—OTHERWISE TRANSY COULD HAVE FIXED A NEW ONE.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?
TRANSY MAY BE ABLE TO PROVIDE YOU WITH MUSIC.
HO! HO! DON'T TELL US YOU'RE GOING TO SING, TRANSY!


Without replying, Transy crept into the hall to find her coat.
AH. HERE IT IS! THE SECOND SPECIAL PROGRAMME. GOOD JOB TRANSY THOUGHT OF BRINGING IT. NOW TO SEE IF MISS BOFFET'S DEVICE REALLY WORKS!
The others couldn't believe their ears when they heard the sound of music coming from the hall.
...LIKE A PUPPET ON A STRING.
WHO'S THAT SINGING? IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE SANDIE SHAW!

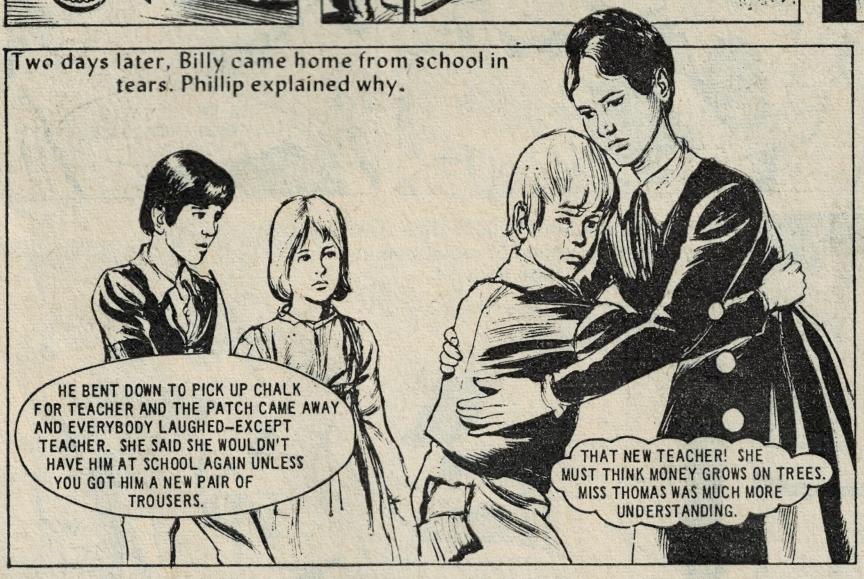

The party was a great success—thanks to Transy.
...I WANNA HOLD YOUR HA-A-AND...!
ISN'T TRANSY GREAT? SHE CAN EVEN DO BEATLE SONGS—ALL FOUR VOICES!
Back home, Transy explained.
...SO YOU SEE, SALLY, MISS BOFFET FIXED TRANSY UP WITH THIS TAPE-RECORDER DEVICE. AND GAVE HER THE SPECIAL PROGRAMMES. AND THEN TRANSY THOUGHT OF EXPERIMENTING WITH YOUR POP RECORDS!
AND YOU SAVED OUR PARTY! BUT FOR ANY SAKE, LET'S KEEP THOSE PROGRAMMES WELL AWAY FROM THE MATHS ONES. SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK BRIGGSY WOULD APPRECIATE BEATLE SONGS DURING ARITHMETIC!

NEXT WEEK—TRANSY + THE TRUTH = TROUBLE

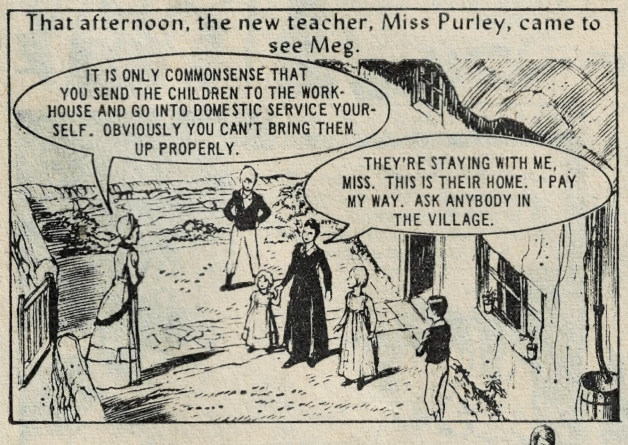
Meg's hopes are torn to shreds—by moths!

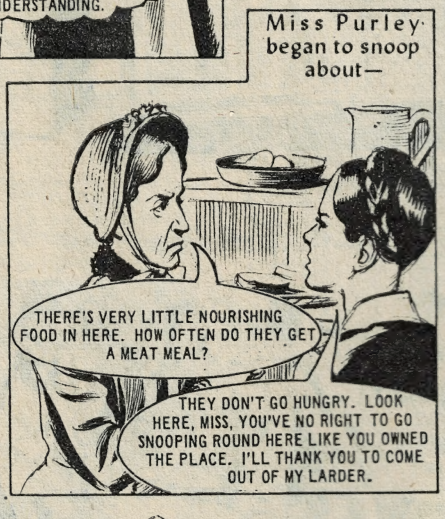
THE WILLING HANDS OF MEG SMITH

YOUNG Meg Smith took on the sole care of her brothers and sisters, Billy, Phillip, Annie and Jane, after the death of her widower father. To keep the family together, Meg worked at any job she could turn her hands to — but times were hard for the Smiths.


Two days later, Billy came home from school in tears. Phillip explained why.
HE BENT DOWN TO PICK UP CHALK FOR TEACHER AND THE PATCH CAME AWAY AND EVERYBODY LAUGHED—EXCEPT TEACHER. SHE SAID SHE WOULDN'T HAVE HIM AT SCHOOL AGAIN UNLESS YOU GOT HIM A NEW PAIR OF TROUSERS.
THAT NEW TEACHER! SHE MUST THINK MONEY GROWS ON TREES. MISS THOMAS WAS MUCH MORE UNDERSTANDING.

The next day, Meg bought some material and made a pair of trousers for Billy.
BUT WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY, MEG?
I USED THE RENT MONEY. PERHAPS BY RENT DAY I'LL HAVE GOT SOME JOBS, OR SOLD A LOT OF VEG, AND EGGS. I'M NOT HAVING YOU MISSING SCHOOL.


That afternoon, the new teacher, Miss Purley, came to see Meg.
IT IS ONLY COMMONSENSE THAT YOU SEND THE CHILDREN TO THE WORK-HOUSE AND GO INTO DOMESTIC SERVICE YOURSELF. OBVIOUSLY YOU CAN'T BRING THEM UP PROPERLY.
THEY'RE STAYING WITH ME, MISS. THIS IS THEIR HOME. I PAY MY WAY. ASK ANYBODY IN THE VILLAGE.


Miss Purley began to snoop about—
THERE'S VERY LITTLE NOURISHING FOOD IN HERE. HOW OFTEN DO THEY GET A MEAT MEAL?
THEY DON'T GO HUNGRY. LOOK HERE, MISS, YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO GO SNOOPING ROUND HERE LIKE YOU OWNED THE PLACE. I'LL THANK YOU TO COME OUT OF MY LARDER.

A bad deal for Meg.

Rent day came—and there was no money.

I WANT ALL THAT'S OWING, MEG SMITH. I'M NOT A CRUEL MAN SO I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW DAYS. IF YOU'VE NOT GOT IT BY WEDNESDAY, OUT YOU GO.

I'LL TRY. I WILL TRY HARD, BUT WEDNESDAY IS ONLY FOUR DAYS OFF.

Over the next few days, Meg walked miles trying to sell her garden produce and offering to do odd jobs.

HOW DID YOU GET ON, MEG?

NOT VERY WELL, BILLY. THE VEG GOT ALL WILTED, IT'S BEEN SUCH A HOT DAY AND NOBODY WANTED ANY JOBS DONE. ALL I GOT WAS SIXPENCE FOR SOME EGGS.

WE'LL GET TURNED OUT TOMORROW THEN, AND HAVE TO GO TO THE WORKHOUSE.

WE'LL HAVE THE RENT MONEY TOMORROW. I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD DO—ASKED JOE MILLER TO BUY OUR FURNITURE.

Joe Miller, a dealer, came the next morning.

WE'VE HARDLY A STICK OF FURNITURE LEFT, MR MILLER. YOU'VE CHEATED ME BECAUSE YOU KNOW HOW BAD I NEED MONEY FOR THE RENT.

THAT'S BUSINESS, GIRL. COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY I WAS WILLING TO HELP YOU OUT AT ALL.

Miss Purley saw the cart—

SO SHE'S HAD TO SELL THE FURNITURE TO MAKE ENDS MEET. THAT SETTLES IT. I SHALL HAVE TO TELL THE PARISH BEADLE ABOUT THIS. IT'S MY DUTY.

A few days later—

NOW YOU CAN SEE WHAT I TOLD YOU IS TRUE, BEADLE. THEY'VE NOT SO MUCH AS A BED TO SLEEP ON. THEY WILL BE BETTER OFF AT THE WORKHOUSE.

NO! PLEASE, NO! THIS IS JUST A BAD PATCH. I—I'LL FIND MONEY FOR FURNITURE.

MY, YOU'RE A STUBBORN ONE. ONE THING IS SURE—YOU LOVE YOUR LITTLE FAMILY. I'LL GIVE YOU A WEEK. BY THAT TIME I WILL HAVE DISCUSSED THIS WITH THE PARISH COUNCIL.

THEY SHOULD BE TAKEN NOW. THINGS WILL BE NO DIFFERENT IN A WEEK.

I'LL HAVE TO SELL DAISY TO FARMER BUNTING. THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO BUY MILK AFTERWARDS—BUT WE MUST GET SOME FURNITURE BEFORE THE WEEK'S OUT.

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er quarter

Set a cat to catch a cow!

Later—

SHE'S A GOOD COW, SO I'LL BE DOING MYSELF A FAVOUR BUYING HER. I'M SORRY IT'S COME TO THIS THOUGH, MEG. DAISY'S ONE OF THE FAMILY TO YOU SMITHS.

I'LL BRING HER ALONG TO YOU TOMORROW MORNING. YOU'VE MADE ME A FAIR OFFER—ENOUGH TO GET SOME FURNITURE FOR OUR COTTAGE.

But when Meg got home—

DAISY'S STRAYED OFF, MEG. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER HER. SHE USED TO BE SO BIDDABLE, BUT LATELY SHE'S GOT THE WANDERING URGE ON HER.

WE'LL HAVE TO GO LOOK FOR HER—YOU AND ME AND PHILLIP. SHE COULD COME TO HARM.

A couple of hours later.

I'M TIRED, MEG. WE'VE LOOKED AND LOOKED AND CALLED AND CALLED. WHY DOESN'T SHE COME TO US?

SHE MUST BE TOO FAR AWAY TO HEAR US. BUT DON'T WORRY—WE'LL FIND HER.

Then Meg had an idea. She sent Billy running home for their cat.

FIND DAISY. COME ON NOW, YOU TAKE US TO DAISY.

THAT CAT AND DAISY, THEY'RE CLOSE AS CLOSE. HE'LL FIND HER FOR US, IF ANYONE CAN.

And he did!

MEG, MEG—THERE SHE IS! THE CAT HAS FOUND HER, AFTER ALL.

Not only had the cat found Daisy, but—

TWIN CALVES! DAISY IS A MOTHER!

Next day—

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO BUY BOTH THE CALVES, WHEN THEY'RE OLD ENOUGH TO LEAVE DAISY, MEG? I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY NOW.

THANK YOU, MR BUNTING, BUT I THINK WE'LL KEEP ONE. THEY'RE BOTH LITTLE BEAUTIES, LIKE THEIR MOTHER.

Later—

WELL, YOU KEPT YOUR WORD, MEG, AND I'VE BEEN TALKING TO THE VILLAGERS. THEY SAY YOU ARE A REAL MOTHER TO YOUR FAMILY. WE'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE.

IT'S A MISTAKE. I JUST KNOW THERE WILL BE TROUBLE AGAIN.

A few weeks later, Farmer Bunting took his calf away—

POOR, POOR DAISY. SHE'S CRYING FOR HER BABY.

SHE'LL GET OVER IT, AND QUITE QUICKLY. BUT IF YOU CHILDREN HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM ME I NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY AGAIN.

NEXT WEEK—Disaster for the Smiths when Meg is taken ill.

A "flat" day for the Millers!

HOORAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

FRENCH cars go awfully fast, and they belted by. We sat on the grass at the side of the road, watching them—Mum, Dad, and I. Dad wasn't watching the way Mum and I were, he was too busy tracing his finger over dozens of maps. We were on a camping tour of the Continent and Dad was finding a good camp to stay in for the next few days.

My name is Debbie Miller. According to my passport I have:—colour of eyes—blue; colour of hair—blonde; special peculiarities—none. We've already used our passports plenty of times—flying from England to France, and from France to Spain, and now back into France again, on our way to Italy.

That bit, special peculiarities, tickled me because I feel they could fill a page in about Dad and even more about Mum. Apart from having woolly sort of brown hair with a beard and eyebrows to match, so that he looks like a huge poodle—Dad is the most careful man I have ever met. He must have spent weeks since last Christmas getting us ready for this grand tour, tinkering with the car and choosing the tent from catalogues, and sorting out maps and routes and documents and things.

Every time we do anything—even catching a bus—Dad has to work it all out with timetables and lots of detailed notes. The laugh is that Dad's plans nearly always seem to go wrong.

One look at Mum and you'd know she was a different type from Dad. She has blue eyes (like mine) but they're kind of dreamy. She wears her hair in an artificial French knot pinned on behind, but you know it's artificial because the pins fall out and the knot falls off and bits of her own hair stick out in all directions. You'd know she was an artist, too. She wears lots of pinks and purples, with bright coloured scarves hanging all round her.

If Mum isn't actually sitting by the side of the road doing a water colour—she's gazing at the scenery dreaming about it. She's almost sure to leave something behind at every camping site we stay in—and we nearly lost Mum in Spain.

Since then, Dad's kept a good eye on her—which is probably why he chose a straight bit of road with a flat bit of grass to sit on while he looked through his maps. If Mum wandered off sketching, we could see her a long way off before she disappeared round the corner.

We were driving round the French Riviera, somewhere between Cannes and Nice. The road twisted all along the edge of the coast—probably because it was just as keen as we were to keep looking at that bright blue Mediterranean sea.

Dad's map showed simply masses of camping sites, so I didn't see we had much problem.

But Dad did. The camp had to be exactly right, and he'd got lists of them all marked in his book.

"There's a camp just here," Dad said at last. He bundled Mum and me back into the car and we all looked out for camping signs along the road. We found one, and right underneath the sign was another which said "Full Up." The next one was full up, too. Dad was annoyed. He hadn't reckoned on this. "We'll try another," he said. "There's plenty more."

The next camp was a bit off the coast road and, when we found it, Mum's face dropped.

"Oh, George!" she cried. "I wanted to paint the sea!"

I was getting hot and sticky in the back of the car and I was longing to get out, but Dad decided to drive on.

Number four was lovely, with loads of bright orange and blue tents nestling under the trees. We unpacked the car and Dad started to get out the tent. It always took ages to pitch it.

Mum got the picnic things ready for lunch and suggested we all start with a long drink of orange squash before we got down to work. I went off to get water and while I was putting my cans under the tap I thought it would be fun to take a shower.

So I nipped into a cubicle and fiddled with the shower taps. Nothing happened! When I came out, a very nice English person told me the showers in this camp didn't work. Of course, if I'd had any sense I wouldn't have told Dad, but when he asked what had taken me so long getting water, I explained about the shower.

That did it. Dad put down the tent poles he was fitting together, got his lists out of the car, and drew a big black line through the name of that camp site.

He told Mum and I to start repacking and, before we'd even had the orange, we had to get back into the car and start looking for another camping site.

"If we're spending a few days on the Riviera," Dad said, "we may as well be comfortable."

We went on along the coast road.

CYCLE RALLY.

THERE'S a perfect camp just past the next town," Dad said confidently, "just another quarter of an hour."

If you haven't written to Mandy yet, NOW is the time to do so.

Then, suddenly, he had to slow the car down because about a hundred people on racing cycles came speeding down the road straight at us. Dad pulled in to the side and they all rode past, looking horribly hot with their heads bent down over their handlebars.

"Cycle rally," Mum said.

And then, unfortunately, she dropped the tea thermos and it rolled out into the road. The next minute one of the cyclists had ridden right into it, and his front wheel wobbled and he landed at Mum's feet.

We'd all been counting on that tea to keep us going until we reached the camping site, and Mum had got it out while we were waiting for this rally to go past. But Mum, being the kind person she is, retrieved the thermos from under the front wheel, unscrewed it, and fed the cyclist with our tea!

He looked as if he needed it, and we were all glad he wasn't hurt and his bicycle wasn't damaged. He thanked Mum in French and got back on his cycle again and raced away.

By that time all the other cyclists had gone by, so we were able to start off again. My mouth was feeling all dry and tickly by this time because I was thirsty, and all the sherbert lemons had gone and toffees didn't help. Dad said not to worry, because when we got to the camping site the first thing we would do was boil a kettle.

Mum said there was nothing like an English cup of tea. The French didn't make tea like it—even if their coast roads were much better than the ones at home.

And, just then, the car went bumpety bump, as if it was limping on three legs. Dad pulled into the side again and leapt out. He went round to the back of the car and looked down at the wheel. Then he said something I didn't quite hear, but I know it wasn't French—and Mum said, "Really, George!" and Dad told her we had a puncture.

"Don't worry," he said as calmly as he could. "There's a jack and a spare tyre in the back. It won't take long."

Mum and I got out and Mum started setting up the Calor Gas and then remembered she hadn't got any water for the kettle. I was going to open a tin of condensed milk and was hunting around for the tin-opener when Dad popped his head out of the boot of the car and said, "I can't find the jack."

"What is a jack?" Mum asked. "I suppose it's not that funny, dirty iron thing with a sort of foot pedal that you had lying around in the boot."

"That's it," Dad said eagerly.

"I didn't think we'd need that," Mum said. "It's in the garage — at home. I unpacked it when we couldn't fit everything in the car before we came away."

"The one thing," Dad said, "that you should never leave behind!"

Dad said he didn't know the French for "jack" and it didn't seem to be in his phrase book. So we stood by the side of the road waiting for a car with GB on the back, which means it comes from Britain.

Several GB cars passed—I didn't know so many English people were in France with us. But when I say passed—that's what I mean, because how do you know what a car's got on its back till it's driven by?

After the sixth car had gone past and we were all feeling very wilted, another cyclist came along. I think he must have given up all hope of winning that rally. When he saw us waving by the side of the car he stopped and Dad pointed at his tyre and threw up his hands in despair, hoping, I think, he looked like a Frenchman who had forgotten his tongue.

IT STARTS NEXT WEEK—
The story of a dangerous journey—and the four lives that depend on a young Chinese orphan. Don't miss—
THE COURAGE OF LITTLE PEARL

After about half an hour with half a dozen phrase books, the cyclist went off looking for a garage.

"Wish you'd asked him to buy us lemonade, too," I said. But while he was gone we all started hunting in the back of the car and Dad found three cans of ginger beer. I'd just located the tin-opener — Mum had packed it by mistake with the wet swimming things —when the cyclist came up with a breakdown truck. The two garage men mended the puncture very efficiently and then showed us the way back to their garage where Dad bought a new jack.

The awful thing was, they were selling ice creams just by the garage, but all Dad's French francs went on paying the garage people so we couldn't buy an ice cream. We found some chocolate in the front of the car and it was so melted it was oozing out of its wrapper and by the time we had scraped it off the shelf, even I didn't feel like eating it. Chocolate wouldn't have quenched our thirst, anyway.

ONE TENT SPACE.

DAD felt very pleased with himself about getting the puncture mended, and we were all chatting so much about whether that nice cyclist would ever catch up with his rally—that we missed the next camping site.

Then Dad started getting agitated. He stopped the car again and pulled out all his maps and lists on camping, and said there were only two camps left before we got to Monte Carlo, and he wasn't going to stop there.

I think Dad had awful thoughts of what Mum might do in a casino where rich people gamble away thousands of pounds in a night, and we hadn't got thousands of pounds to gamble. Dad explained there was one quite good camp and one not quite so good and we had better find out if one of them had space for us.

Mum was in a happy holiday mood and she said something was bound to turn up soon — and sure enough we hit one of the camps then and there. And it had a notice saying "only one more tent space."

"That's us!" I cried happily. It was a gorgeous-looking camp, and I pictured a good swim in the sea after we'd pitched tent, and a good camp supper. And then, before we drove in, Mum dived into her bag for her lipstick and some money.

"There's a stall over there," she said, "we can all have an orange squash or something before we go in. It'll be better than waiting until we've unpacked the water cans."

We all felt marvellous and Mum handed me her purse and I got out of the car. Luckily, I looked in the purse before I tried to buy the orange because, believe it or not, Mum's purse was full of pesetas, which is money they use in Spain!

It would be a fat lot of good trying to buy drinks with pesetas in France. Dad said not to worry, we'd open the ginger beer when we got inside the camp.

And just as he said that, a huge great car swooshed past us with loads of camping gear on the roof and drove into the camp site. Before we could do a thing, a man came out of the reception hut and put a "full" notice up over the camp sign.

I felt like crying. But Dad tried to put on his cheerful holiday laugh and said, "There's still one more."

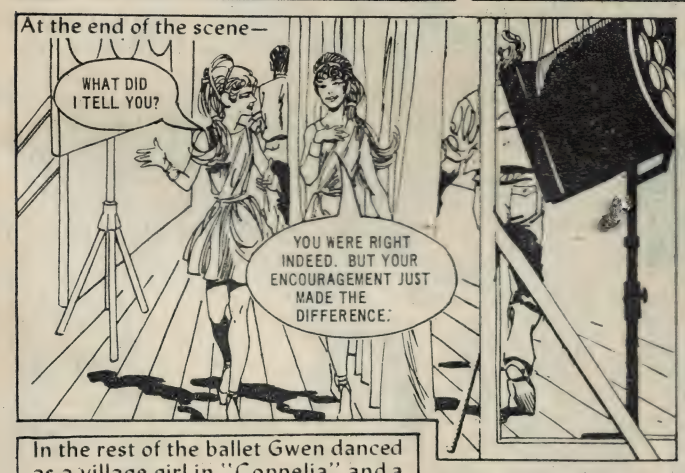
(Continued on Page 22.)

Encouraging words from a false friend.

LONELY BALLERINA

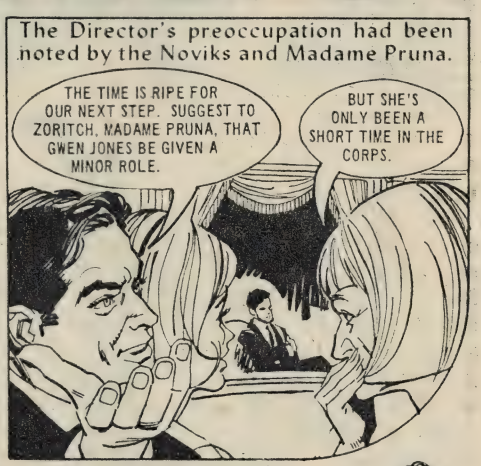
A YOUNG Welsh girl, Gwen Jones, had won a place in the famous Slavonia Ballet of Moscow. Her brilliant but highly-individual style had won the approval of the Director, Igor Zoritch. But Novik, another official of the ballet school, wished to become Director, and he and his wife were plotting to use Gwen to discredit Zoritch. They gained the help of Madame Pruna, the ballet mistress, whose life-long devotion to the Slavonia had made her distrust Gwen's new approach. She in turn employed Alicia Birkenshaw, a jealous young dancer. Both believed that Gwen was to be suppressed for the good of the ballet. The Noviks had kept their real aim hidden.

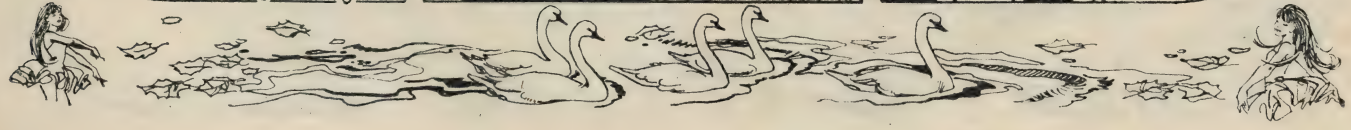
It was the night of Gwen's first performance with the corps de ballet in "Cleopatra".
MY LEGS ARE SHAKING! I NEVER THOUGHT TO BE NERVOUS OF DANCING OUT THERE ON THE BIG STAGE.



IT SEEMS ODD TO ENCOURAGE GWEN TO DO WELL SO THAT IN THE END SHE'LL COME DOWN WITH A BIGGER BANG—OR SO MADAME PRUNA THINKS. WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SEE.

Igor Zoritch's attention was drawn to Gwen's dancing in "Giselle"
I WAS RIGHT. THAT GIRL IS UNIQUE. HIGH THOUGH THE TECHNIQUE OF THE CORPS IS, SHE ALONE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE A WILI, A POOR SPIRIT UNABLE TO REST.


The Director's preoccupation had been noted by the Noviks and Madame Pruna.
THE TIME IS RIPE FOR OUR NEXT STEP. SUGGEST TO ZORITCH, MADAME PRUNA, THAT GWEN JONES BE GIVEN A MINOR ROLE.
BUT SHE'S ONLY BEEN A SHORT TIME IN THE CORPS.



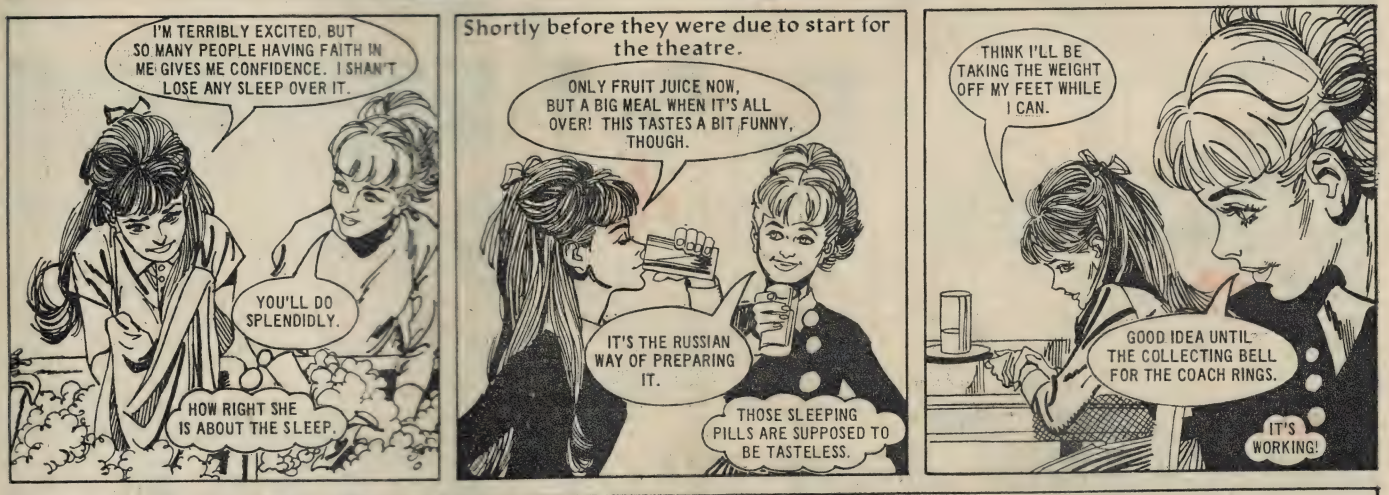
Danger in the zoo.

But eventually the Noviks persuaded Madame Pruna to follow their plan, and after the performance—
GWEN JONES DID WELL. SHE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DANCE A MINOR ROLE.
AS IT HAPPENS I WAS THINKING OF GIVING HER ONE OF THE FOUR CYGNETS IN SWAN LAKE. BUT I'M ASTONISHED AND DELIGHTED THAT YOU SHOULD THINK THE SAME, MADAME PRUNA.
When Gwen heard—
DEED TO GOODNESS, A REAL ROLE! I FEEL ALL NERVOUS.
YOU'VE NO NEED TO. AFTER ALL THOSE CHARACTERS YOU'VE DANCED WITH THE CORPS, A MERE YOUNG SWAN SHOULD BE EASY.
THAT'S IT. THOSE CHARACTERS I COULD MAKE UP FROM IMAGINATION OR EXPERIENCE. BUT SWANS ARE REAL CREATURES THAT I'VE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO STUDY. THERE'S A FINE ZOO IN MOSCOW. I MUST GET PERMISSION TO GO.
Gwen's request had surprising results.
FANCY US ALL HAVING TO STUDY SWANS JUST BECAUSE OF GWEN JONES PUTTING THE IDEA INTO THE DIRECTOR'S HEAD. IT'S RIDICULOUS.
BUT WE HAD TO PRETEND ENTHUSIASM. ANYHOW, IT'S A CHANCE TO SEE A BIT OF MOSCOW.
IT'S ALREADY KNOWN WHO WE ARE AND WHY WE'RE HERE. THE AUDIENCE WILL PROBABLY START QUACKING AT US ON THE FIRST NIGHT.
THIS SORT OF PUBLICITY MAY HELP ALONG THE PLAN.
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL LAKE! AND THE SWANS ARE MORE GRACEFUL THAN I EVER IMAGINED. I ONLY WISH I COULD SEE SOME CYGNETS.
I THINK YOU'LL SEE A FAMILY FROM THE CAUSEWAY.
JUST WATCH THEIR MOVEMENTS! IT'S A BALLET LESSON IN ITSELF.
OH, I'M BORED! I'LL RE-READ MY MAIL.
OH, HELP, OLGA'S FALLEN IN!
THOSE SWANS LOOK DANGEROUS! IF I CAN REACH THAT BOAT IN TIME—
PULL HER OUT WHILE I BEAT OFF THE SWANS.

The trap is prepared.

WE'VE GOT YOU, OLGA!
KEEP IT UP! WE'RE COMING.
YOUR QUICK THINKING SAVED THAT GIRL'S LIFE. THE SWANS CAN BE KILLERS IF THEY THINK THEIR YOUNG ARE THREATENED.
YES, I REMEMBER READING THAT SOMEWHERE.
Next day Gwen made front-page news.
THANKS TO THIS BIT OF LIMELIGHT WE MAY BE ABLE TO SPRING THE TRAP EVEN SOONER THAN WE THOUGHT.
WE WILL KEEP MADAME PRUNA OUT OF THIS AND CONCENTRATE ON ALICIA.

YOU MUST SEE TO IT THAT GWEN EITHER MAKES A BAD HASH OF HER ROLE OR FAILS TO DANCE AT ALL. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME IDEAS TO WORK ON.
I'M LISTENING—
At the dress rehearsal—
GWEN IS WELL EQUAL TO THAT ROLE, AND WHATEVER ELSE SHE LEARNT FROM THE SWANS, THAT ADVENTURE AT THE ZOO PROVED HER INITIATIVE.
BUT THAT SORT OF PUBLICITY IS DEPLORABLE SO FAR AS THE SLAVONIA IS CONCERNED.


I'M TERRIBLY EXCITED, BUT SO MANY PEOPLE HAVING FAITH IN ME GIVES ME CONFIDENCE. I SHAN'T LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER IT.
YOU'LL DO SPLENDIDLY.
HOW RIGHT SHE IS ABOUT THE SLEEP.
Shortly before they were due to start for the theatre.
ONLY FRUIT JUICE NOW, BUT A BIG MEAL WHEN IT'S ALL OVER! THIS TASTES A BIT FUNNY, THOUGH.
IT'S THE RUSSIAN WAY OF PREPARING IT.
THOSE SLEEPING PILLS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE TASTELESS.
THINK I'LL BE TAKING THE WEIGHT OFF MY FEET WHILE I CAN.
GOOD IDEA UNTIL THE COLLECTING BELL FOR THE COACH RINGS.
IT'S WORKING!

YOU'VE HAD A SLEEPING DRAUGHT, SO YOU'LL BE SNOOZING AWAY WHEN YOU OUGHT TO BE ON STAGE. THAT WILL CAUSE A SCANDAL YOU MAY NEVER LIVE DOWN.

Will Alicia's plan work? Find out NEXT WEEK.

Kerry discovers a secret that's two hundred years old.

THE DOOR TO YESTERDAY

AN old wardrobe, which was really a time-machine, took twelve-year-old Kerry Hollis back to 1767, where she made friends with Penelope, a young scullery maid.

Penelope's brother, Alfred, was being hunted for some mysterious reason by the cruel Sir Mark Grayson and, back in 1967, Kerry was determined to find out why.

IT SAYS QUITE CLEARLY THAT THE GRAYSON ESTATES WERE BEQUEATHED TO A MAN CALLED SAMUEL MILLER IN 1730.
SO THAT'S IT! ALL SIR MARK GRAYSON'S LAND REALLY BELONGS TO ALFRED'S FAMILY—BUT SIR MARK HAS MANAGED TO KEEP IT SECRET.

Kerry hurried to her Aunt Mabel's house and packed some food. The wardrobe was in her aunt's attic.

Kerry turned the knob that took her back into the 18th century. Then she changed her clothes and hurried towards the forest where Alfred was hiding.

Kerry found Alfred in his secret hiding place deep in the forest.

THANK YOU FOR BRINGING ME THIS, KERRY; BUT I WOULD DEARLY LOVE TO KNOW WHERE YOU GET SUCH STRANGE FOOD.
NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT NOW, ALFRED. I'VE GOT SOMETHING REALLY IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU.

. . . AND SO ALL SIR MARK'S ESTATES REALLY BELONG TO YOU. THAT'S WHY HE ACCUSED YOU OF STEALING AND WANTS YOU TRANSPORTED TO AUSTRALIA!
I KNOW THAT MY FATHER WAS FOR MANY YEARS A FAITHFUL SERVANT TO SIR MARK'S FATHER—WHO WAS BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED IN HIS SON. PERHAPS HE DID LEAVE HIS ESTATES TO MY FATHER INSTEAD OF SIR MARK.
BREAD

A pocketful of trouble for Kerry.

I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE THE TRUTH COMES OUT INTO THE OPEN.
BE CAREFUL, KERRY. SIR MARK IS A VERY DANGEROUS MAN.
As Kerry emerged from the forest—
THERE SHE IS! GET HER!
IT'S SIR MARK GRAYSON AND HIS MEN!
SEE HOW SHE SHINES A LIGHT THAT NEVER FLICKERS... QUICK, SHE HAS FALLEN!
YOU HAVE BEEN HELPING ALFRED MILLER. YOU WILL NOW SHOW US WHERE HE IS HIDING—THIS CRIMINAL WHO STOLE FROM MY LAND.
YOU'RE THE CRIMINAL! YOU STOLE ALL THOSE ESTATES FROM ALFRED, AND I HAVE PROOF.
THE GIRL'S MAD! SHE'S TALKING RUBBISH. QUICKLY—GET HER BACK TO THE HOUSE!
SHE IS DANGEROUS. I MUST GET RID OF HER BEFORE SHE STARTS TELLING PEOPLE WHAT SHE KNOWS.
At Sir Mark's house—
I MUST HAVE THIS EVIDENCE SHE SAYS SHE HAS. I WILL SEARCH HER WALLET.
THESE PICTURES PROVE WHAT I THOUGHT! FROM THESE SMALL PAINTINGS, ANYONE CAN SEE SHE IS A WITCH!
HE'S FOUND SOME SNAPSHOTS IN MY WALLET. WHY DOES HE THINK THEY PROVE I'M A WITCH?
SEE—SHE IS WITH A STRANGE, EVIL-LOOKING MONSTER. THIS IS NOT A CREATURE OF THE WORLD WE KNOW. AND LOOK AT THIS—
THAT'S A PICTURE OF ME DOING THE HIGH JUMP AT THE SCHOOL SPORTS.
SEE—HERE SHE IS FLYING! THESE PICTURES ARE PROOF BEYOND DOUBT THAT SHE IS A WITCH!
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD COME AND USE YOUR EVIL SPELLS ON THE GOOD PEOPLE OF THIS VILLAGE. WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU WHEN I HAND YOU OVER TO THEM WITH THIS EVIDENCE—YOU WILL BE BURNED AT THE STAKE!

NEXT WEEK—Kerry is tried as a witch—and found guilty!

A race against time—on a bicycle built for two!

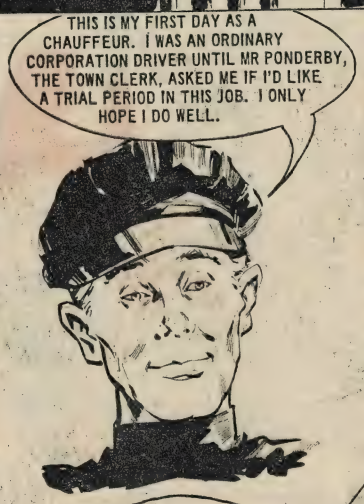
Her Worship WENDY

WHEN Wendy Shuttle's widower father was elected Mayor of Chasebury, he appointed his schoolgirl daughter, Wendy, as the Mayoress.

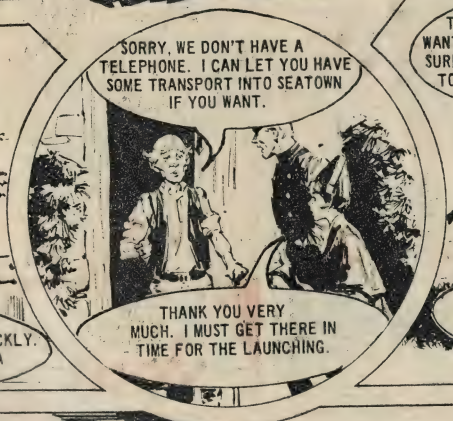
One day the official car came to take Wendy to Seatown, where she was to launch a new ship named after her town.

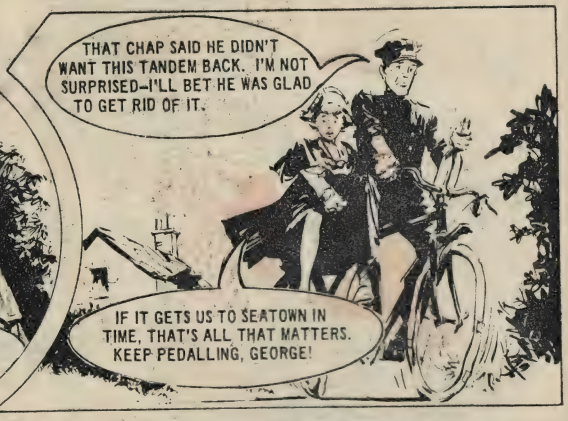
MORNING, MISS WENDY. I'M GEORGE, YOUR NEW CHAUFFEUR. I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU TO SEATOWN.
HELLO, GEORGE, WE'D BETTER BE ON OUR WAY. WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME.

I'LL USE THIS BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE TO LAUNCH THE SHIP. WE'VE HAD A SPECIAL LABEL PUT ON IT WITH THE CHASEBURY COAT-OF-ARMS.
I WISH I COULD LAUNCH SOMETHING—IT MUST BE A GREAT FEELING.

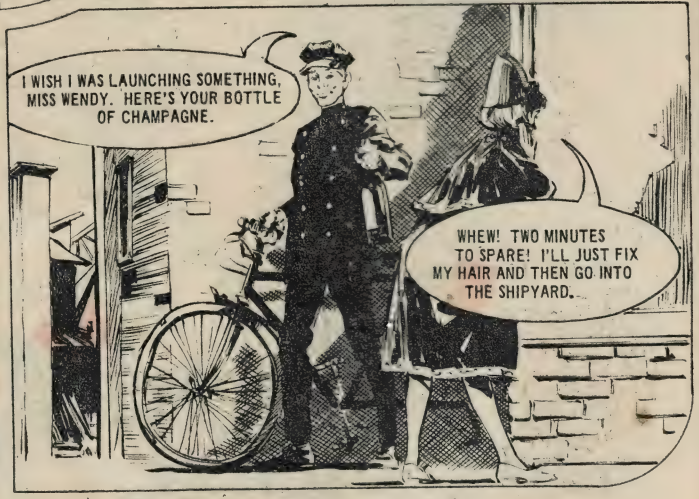

THIS IS MY FIRST DAY AS A CHAUFFEUR. I WAS AN ORDINARY CORPORATION DRIVER UNTIL MR PONDERBY, THE TOWN CLERK, ASKED ME IF I'D LIKE A TRIAL PERIOD IN THIS JOB. I ONLY HOPE I DO WELL.

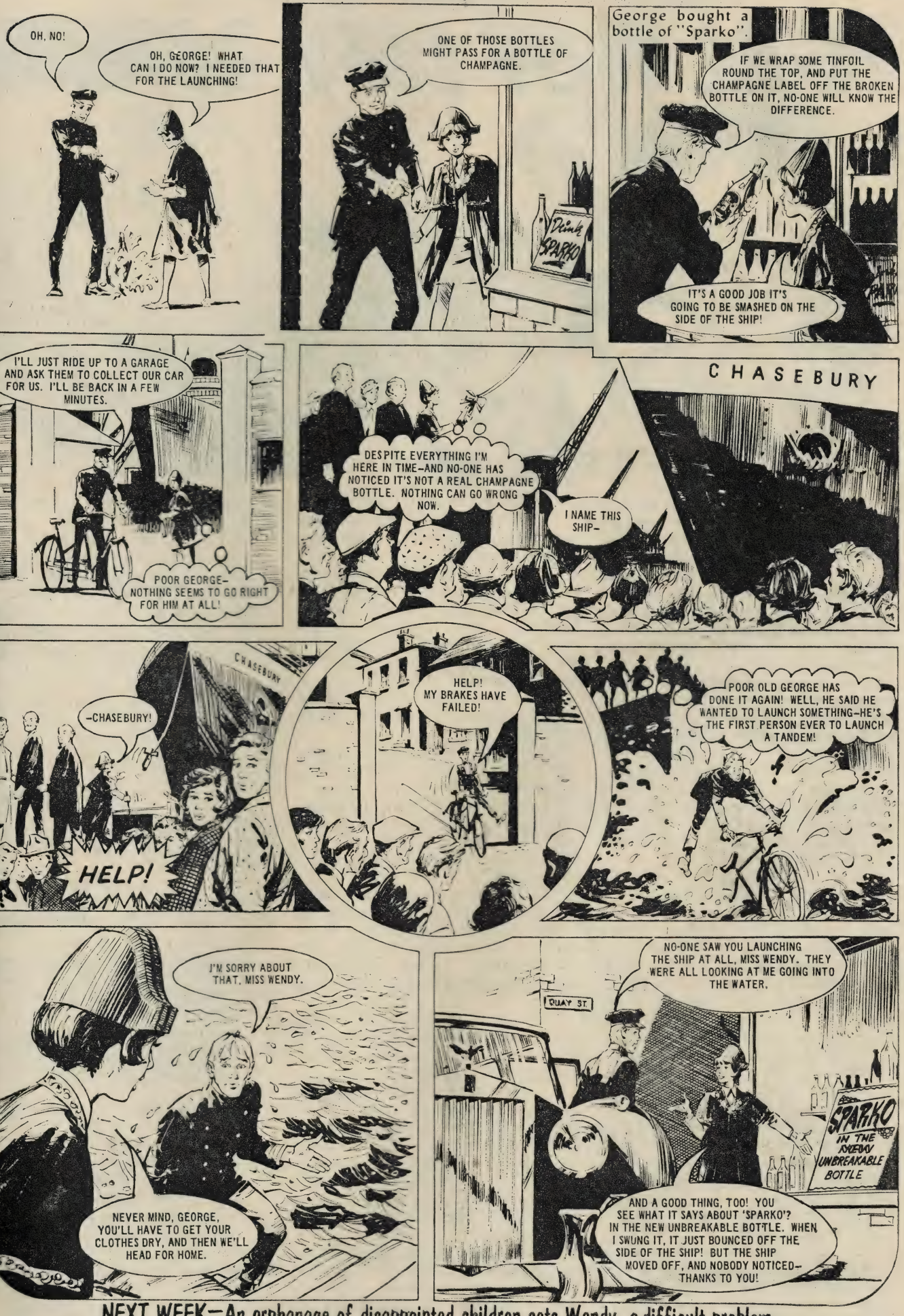
I FEEL TERRIBLE ABOUT THIS—I FORGOT TO FILL UP THE PETROL TANK BEFORE WE SET OUT!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW, GEORGE. WE MUST GET TO SEATOWN QUICKLY. I WONDER IF WE CAN TELEPHONE FOR A TAXI FROM THIS COTTAGE?


SORRY, WE DON'T HAVE A TELEPHONE. I CAN LET YOU HAVE SOME TRANSPORT INTO SEATOWN IF YOU WANT.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I MUST GET THERE IN TIME FOR THE LAUNCHING.


THAT CHAP SAID HE DIDN'T WANT THIS TANDEM BACK. I'M NOT SURPRISED—I'LL BET HE WAS GLAD TO GET RID OF IT.
IF IT GETS US TO SEATOWN IN TIME, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. KEEP PEDALLING, GEORGE!

WE'RE IN SEATOWN AT LAST.
AND THERE'S THE SHIPYARD. WE'LL STOP JUST ROUND THE CORNER FROM IT. WE MUSTN'T LET THEM SEE ME ARRIVING LIKE THIS!


I WISH I WAS LAUNCHING SOMETHING, MISS WENDY. HERE'S YOUR BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.
WHEW! TWO MINUTES TO SPARE! I'LL JUST FIX MY HAIR AND THEN GO INTO THE SHIPYARD.


OH, NO!
OH, GEORGE! WHAT CAN I DO NOW? I NEEDED THAT FOR THE LAUNCHING!
ONE OF THOSE BOTTLES MIGHT PASS FOR A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.
Drink SPARKO
George bought a bottle of "Sparko".
IF WE WRAP SOME TINFOIL ROUND THE TOP, AND PUT THE CHAMPAGNE LABEL OFF THE BROKEN BOTTLE ON IT, NO-ONE WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.
IT'S A GOOD JOB IT'S GOING TO BE SMASHED ON THE SIDE OF THE SHIP!
I'LL JUST RIDE UP TO A GARAGE AND ASK THEM TO COLLECT OUR CAR FOR US. I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES.
POOR GEORGE— NOTHING SEEMS TO GO RIGHT FOR HIM AT ALL!
DESPITE EVERYTHING I'M HERE IN TIME—AND NO-ONE HAS NOTICED IT'S NOT A REAL CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE. NOTHING CAN GO WRONG NOW.
I NAME THIS SHIP—
CHASEBURY
-CHASEBURY!
HELP!
CHASEBURY
HELP! MY BRAKES HAVE FAILED!
POOR OLD GEORGE HAS DONE IT AGAIN! WELL, HE SAID HE WANTED TO LAUNCH SOMETHING—HE'S THE FIRST PERSON EVER TO LAUNCH A TANDEM!
I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT, MISS WENDY.
NEVER MIND, GEORGE, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET YOUR CLOTHES DRY, AND THEN WE'LL HEAD FOR HOME.
NO-ONE SAW YOU LAUNCHING THE SHIP AT ALL, MISS WENDY. THEY WERE ALL LOOKING AT ME GOING INTO THE WATER.
QUAY ST.
SPARKO IN THE NEW UNBREAKABLE BOTTLE
AND A GOOD THING, TOO! YOU SEE WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT 'SPARKO'? IN THE NEW UNBREAKABLE BOTTLE. WHEN I SWUNG IT, IT JUST BOUNCED OFF THE SIDE OF THE SHIP! BUT THE SHIP MOVED OFF, AND NOBODY NOTICED— THANKS TO YOU!

NEXT WEEK—An orphanage of disappointed children sets Wendy a difficult problem.

Danger is on the trail of Joan and the sleeping Prince!

The GIRL THEY LEFT BEHIND

HER heart pounding against her ribs, her breath coming in great rasping gasps, Joan kept running, deeper and deeper into the woods. The small prince in her arms seemed to become heavier with every step she took and at last she had to stop, leaning for support against the trunk of a tree.

Joan Bryant, daughter of Robert Bryant, head of the British Consulate to Cambada in South East Asia, had accidentally been left behind when the Consulate staff were evacuated. The Royal Family were all thought to have been killed but Joan had been asked by the loyal Royal nursemaid, Thiang, to get young Prince Chula to safety.

"Are we going to wait for Tamu?" Prince Chula asked.

"No," Joan replied. "He—he's not coming with us after all, Chula."

She thought of Tamu, who had been a gardener in her father's employ and who had given his life to try to save Prince Chula and her lips began to tremble. Then tears started to her eyes and Chula saw them. His lower lip jutted ominously, quivered and tears came to his large, dark eyes.

"I want to go home," he whimpered. "I don't like this game any more. Take me home, Joan."

"I can't do that just now." With an effort Joan held her tears back, and made her voice steady and cheerful. "Your mother and father want me to take you to friends, a long way off, over the border."

"Why can't they come with us?" Chula asked crossly.

The answer to his question was a tragic one. Recently there had been an Army coup in Cambada organised by a Colonel Suyin to overthrow the Royal Family. The soldier rebels had set fire to the Palace and the King and Queen of Cambada and all their children had been killed. Only two-year-old Chula had been saved.

"Your mother and father have important business to see to." Joan was choosing her words very carefully. The Prince, she felt, was too young to cope with being told the truth. "So you have to go to friends. There are some bad people who don't want you to do as your father and mother say and so we have to keep out of their way."

"You said we were playing a game," Chula was still cross with her. "It is bad to tell lies."

"I wasn't telling you a lie, Chula," Joan replied. "It is a sort of game. In a game there has to be a winner. If we can get across the border then we will have won."

"Oh?" Prince Chula considered this for a moment. "They have guns," he came out with at last. "We haven't and that isn't fair. I want my gun and it is at the Palace." He was speaking of a toy gun that Joan's father had given him as a present.

"We'll manage very well without guns," Joan told him. She began to run on now, but taking it at a less tiring, steady jog trot.

"I want a gun," Chula persisted and when she made no reply he started to howl. "I want a gun. I want my bang-bang."

Joan said soothingly, "I'll get you a gun, Chula. I'll make you one. But not now. We have to get a long way away from Tamu's house before we can stop."

To her relief Chula accepted this and stopped howling but after a few minutes he had another complaint.

"I'm hungry," he said firmly. "I wish to eat."

"So you shall," Joan assured him. "Very soon."

She had kept her wits long enough to grab up the bundle of food that Tamu had got together before making her flight from his house.

Two miles or so farther into the forest she found them a hiding place, deep among bushes. They ate sparingly, for Joan did not know how long the food supply would have to last. She gave Chula a drink from the water bottle, took a swig from it herself, and then the boy cuddled up to her and fell asleep. Joan stayed awake on the alert.

The forest would be thoroughly searched, she told herself. Colonel Suyin would have been told of Tamu's brave bid to delay the soldiers who hunted for the Prince.

"But he is most likely to think that a man, a Royalist, is trying to get the Prince away," she reasoned aloud. "Our chances aren't so bad."

She would have felt less confident if she had known what was being shown to Colonel Suyin at his headquarters.

"A girl's clothes," an officer said, holding them up for the Colonel's inspection. "We found them in Tamu's house."

"European clothes," Colonel Suyin mused. "A school dress."

He reached for the dress and examined it closely, then pointed out a tab inside the collar of the dress.

"Joan Bryant," he read out. "That's the daughter of the British Consul. But Bryant and the other Europeans have left the country. The border guards have reported the two cars have crossed the border. Robert Bryant was in the second car."

"Perhaps Tamu stole the clothes,"

suggested another aide. "He was gardener to the Consulate."

"I know that," snapped Suyin. "But why would he want to steal these worthless garments? No. There is another answer. Somehow that girl is involved with trying to get Prince Chula away. She speaks our language fluently so might think she can pass herself off as a Cambadian. Tamu would have provided her with clothes."

"Why would her father have left her behind?" puzzled the aide. "It is well known in the city that he adores his daughter."

"Something went wrong, I suppose," Colonel Suyin said with a shrug of his shoulders. "She got left behind. If I am right about this, then soon Bryant will be demanding that she be found and sent across the border."

"And if she is found, and with the Prince?"

"WHEN she is found," Colonel Suyin corrected, and tapped the pile of clothes. "These will take us to her. When she is found—kill her. The body can be sent to her father. Our story will be she was accidentally shot during street fighting."

TRACKER DOGS.

WITH Chula sleeping heavily, Joan felt it was safe to leave him alone, just for a few moments. She came out from the bushes and started to climb a tall tree.

If she got very high up it, she told herself, she would have a good view of the surrounding countryside. From her perch she would keep watch for soldiers. If she saw none it would be safe to let the little Prince get the benefit of a long sleep.

But from the treetop, Joan saw something which made her gasp with horror.

"Dogs!" she exclaimed. "Tracker dogs!"

She went down the tree so fast she skinned her hands and knees, but filled with a sense of urgency she hardly felt the pain. She pushed through the bushes, scooped up Chula and was off again.

"You're jogging me," he told her. "You woke me up. Why are we running?"

"From the baddies," Joan told him briefly. "Baddies with tracker dogs."

"I like dogs," Chula said in delight. "But I like elephants better. I have a baby one of my own at the Palace."

Joan didn't answer. How had the dogs picked up their scent, she asked herself? The answer came to her almost at once. Her clothes and Chula's. They had been left at Tamu's house when Chula and herself had disguised themselves as Cambadian girls.

"Fool!" she said aloud with angry vehemence and startling Chula who had been chattering away about his pet.

"Bardra is not a fool," he said indignantly. "He is a very clever little elephant."

"I meant that I was a fool," Joan cut in. She stopped and swung him round on to her back.

"I can go faster with my arms free, Chula. Put your hands round my neck, but not too tightly, and your legs about my middle."

"I ride on your back and you are my elephant." Chula was delighted. He tapped her with his heels. "Off you go, Joan Elephant."

As she ran, Joan heard faintly the baying of the tracker hounds. If she could find water, she told herself, they still had a chance. There was, she knew, a wide, deep stream running through the forest. She could swim across it with Chula on her back, for she was a very strong swimmer. The dogs would then lose their scent. Of course, the soldiers would guess her game and cross, too, but it would take time—and give her and Chula precious time.

She reached the stream and it was wider and deeper than she remembered. She felt a qualm. She was a strong swimmer, yes, but the running had weakened her, left her short of breath. She sat Chula down and forced herself to take slow, deep breath, and this calmed her, strengthening her resolve.

"We're going to swim across the stream," she told Chula.

"With our clothes on?" asked Chula. "I've never swum with my clothes on before. I've never swum," he added simply.

"There has to be a first time for everything," Joan said with more cheerfulness than she felt. "I'll do the swimming and be your elephant again. You can sit astride my back."

She stepped into the shallows with Chula on her back. They gave way with rather alarming suddenness to deep water and Chula let out a shriek of alarm.

"It's all right," Joan assured him. "I'm your very strong elephant and I won't go under. Hold tight now." She struck out for the opposite bank and now the baying of the dogs was louder. It made her want to quicken her strokes but that would have shortened them, taxing her breathing more. So she forced herself to set a steady, rhythmic pace.

"My dress is all wet," Chula told her when they were on the far bank. "Can I take it off and be a boy again?" he added hopefully.

"We haven't got any boy's clothes for you." Joan was wringing as much water as she could out of her dress. She did the same for Chula, picked him up and ran on again. In her haste

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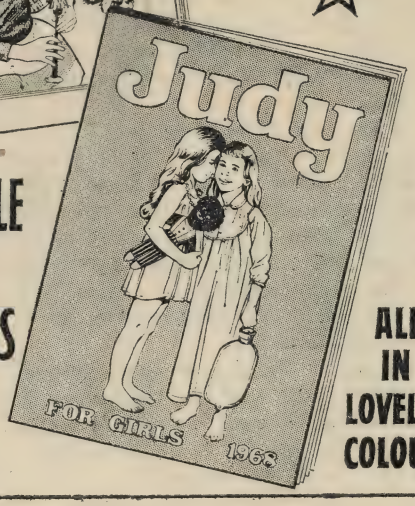

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she tripped over a concealed tree root and fell flat on her face. Chula pitched off her back and his head struck against the tree.

"Chula!" Joan scrambled on her knees towards him. She felt a stabbing pain in her right ankle but ignored it. Chula was lying very still, face downwards. She turned him over, saw the bruise on his forehead and the trickle of blood and panic rose in her.

"Is he dead?" she asked herself.

His body looked so limp and when she raised an eyelid his pupil did not react to light. Smothering a sob she pushed a hand inside his dress, felt for his heart.

She felt a beat, rather irregular but quite strong and knew he was just knocked out. The relief, combined with the pain from her ankle made her vision blur for a moment and she thought she was going to faint.

"You can't faint, Joan Bryant," she said aloud. "You just can't."

She put her head down between her knees and the dizziness passed.

It came again when she stood up, Chula in her arms, and tried to walk. But she fought against giving way to it and hobbled on.

There was a forest to this side of the stream, too, and felled trees. Dimly she remembered that there was a small Timber Company in the area. Again she heard the dogs, much closer now and she tried to hurry, biting into her lip hard at the pain this caused her ankle.

Then she heard another sound.

"Elephants!" she said aloud. "They use them for hauling the felled timber."

She hurried on as fast as her injured ankle would allow. Their situation was

HELLO, GIRLS, GUESS WHAT'S HAPPENED AGAIN. YES, YOU'RE RIGHT— THERE'S NO ROOM FOR ME THIS WEEK. BUT NEVER MIND, I'LL BE BACK NEXT WEEK WITH ANOTHER PAGE OF YOUR LETTERS!

desperate. The tracker dogs would cross the stream, with the soldiers. It would be no use hiding amongst bushes, or up a tree. They would pick up the scent and that would be the end of her attempt to get the Prince to safety. It was desperation that drove her on, made her refuse to accept that the chase was almost over.

And then she saw the elephants in a clearing—a dozen of them. She skirted cautiously around them, but they took no notice of her. These were working elephants, accustomed to the presence of humans. It was then that Joan had an idea.

She moved about looking for a safe place to set Chula down. She came upon a hut, a make-shift looking one, the door open. She peeped in and found it empty. On the floor was a bed roll, and a plate with the remains of a meal on it, but that was all.

"I'll be back," she murmured as she set down Chula on the bed roll. "I hope!" she added fervently as she went out, closing the door behind her.

A STAMPEDE!

SHE worked as fast as she could, unfastening the elephants, and now the baying came so clear she knew that the dogs were on her side of the stream.

She got the hobble off the last of the elephants and they gathered at once about the largest elephant. Joan got round behind them, heart thumping. There was only one path the elephants could take from here, if she triggered off the reaction she hoped for. It would take them straight at the dogs and the soldiers.

"Here goes," she muttered, threw back her head and let out a yell that defied description.

There was an answering noise that was just as horrible and then the leader stampeded, the others following, their trumpeting resounding through the forest.

"Done it!" Joan said triumphantly a few minutes later, as she heard the yells of frightened men, the howls of frightened dogs. "The elephants have run right into the soldiers and the dogs, too. That should put them off their stroke for quite a while and give Chula and me a head start again."

She hobbled back to the hut, opened the door and then stood stock still. The hut was empty. Prince Chula had gone!

What has happened to Chula? Find out NEXT WEEK.

HOORAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.

He drove on until the next camp, and then just as we were a hundred yards from it, the car stopped dead!

"George!" Mum exclaimed. "You're the most careful man I've met in my life, but I do believe you've run out of petrol!"

We had, too. And, what was worse, we'd used up our spare can in Spain and hadn't bought any more since then. Nobody wanted to push the car into the camp site—so we knew we'd have to get petrol somehow before we drove in. Dad didn't particularly want to take a walk in that heat looking for a filling station, either.

And then, luckily, a car stopped behind us and a man got out to ask if we'd broken down. He was German and Dad speaks a bit of German—well, enough to say we'd run out of petrol.

The German man had a very small bit left in a spare can and he let us have it and told Dad where we could find a filling station a few miles on.

When Dad got into the car to tell us, he nearly got a shower of ginger beer down his neck! I had managed to open one of the tins at last, but as soon as I'd put the tin-opener in the can, all the ginger beer squirted out and shot over the front seat. It missed Dad and went all down the windscreen.

Think of the windscreen being drenched in ginger beer when we'd all been pining for a drink all day! We decided not to try opening the next can until we got the petrol.

The filling station had a clock and we were all staggered to find it was nearly five o'clock. Nobody had thought of looking at their watch all day, and we had been hunting for a camping site since breakfast! Dad—who was very put out about running out of petrol, said that at this stage, any camp would do—even if it was black-marked on his list.

And the one we found wasn't even black marked. It wasn't in any guide book at all. Somebody was letting people pitch tents in their field. No showers, no hot and cold, no anything at all. Just a tap by the hedge for cold water, and two trees to hang the washing on to dry.

But it didn't matter. We spent three days there and it was fun. We took the car down to the beach every day. Dad tore up his list of camping sites in France.

"I hope," he said, "things will be different in Italy."

They were. But that's another story which you'll be reading — NEXT WEEK.

The Riddle Of The LOST HEIRESS

YOUNG Evvy Collins was being trained by Joe and Bertha Castin, butler and housekeeper at Kenwood Hall, to pass herself off as the missing Lady Evelyn Kenwood, who had been presumed drowned after a childhood accident.

A fortune was at stake and already Evvy had convinced some of the Kenwood family that she was the lost heiress.

But with every day that passed, Evvy grew more puzzled.

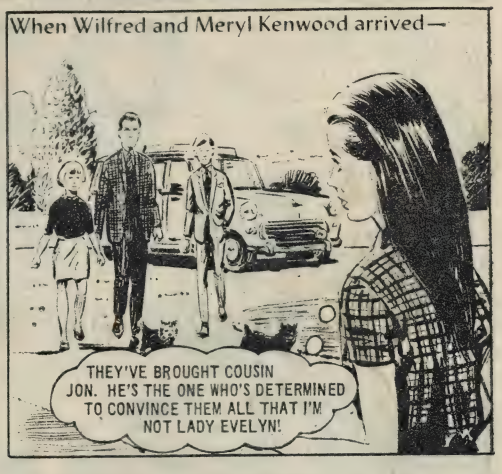
Evvy's thoughts were interrupted by Joe Castin —
DAY-DREAMING AGAIN! YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE STUDYING THE DETAILS I GAVE YOU OF THE FAMILY. WE'RE SEEING MORE OF THEM TONIGHT.

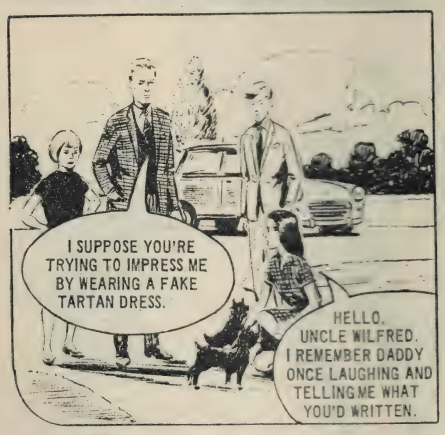
YOUR UNCLE WILFRED IS COMING FROM SCOTLAND. YOU'VE NEVER MET HIM, BUT YOU HAVE TO KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM. YOUR COUSIN MERYL, HIS DAUGHTER, WILL BE WITH HIM.
I'M BEGINNING TO HATE ALL THIS DECEIT. MAYBE I'D BE BETTER AT THE FAIRGROUND THAT JOE BOUGHT ME FROM.

Back at the house—
THIS FILM SHOWS YOUR UNCLE WILFRED'S HOUSE NEAR LOCH NESS.
JOE CASTIN IS CERTAINLY THOROUGH. I'LL SAY THAT FOR HIM!

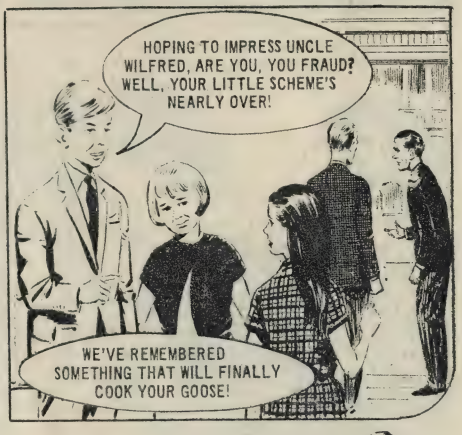
THIS IS A PICTURE OF MERYL AND HER FATHER TAKEN FIVE YEARS AGO. IT'S THE MOST RECENT PICTURE OF UNCLE WILFRED WE HAVE.
THAT GOLLY DOWN IN THE CORNER REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING—BUT WHAT?

Later—
WEAR THIS TARTAN DRESS. IT MIGHT PLEASE WILFRED.
THEY THINK OF EVERYTHING. BUT UNCLE WILFRED ISN'T A SCOT. AND I SEEM TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT HIM.


When Wilfred and Meryl Kenwood arrived—
THEY'VE BROUGHT COUSIN JON. HE'S THE ONE WHO'S DETERMINED TO CONVINCE THEM ALL THAT I'M NOT LADY EVELYN!


I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TRYING TO IMPRESS ME BY WEARING A FAKE TARTAN DRESS.
HELLO, UNCLE WILFRED. I REMEMBER DADDY ONCE LAUGHING AND TELLING ME WHAT YOU'D WRITTEN.

YOU SAID SIR WALTER SCOTT HAD INVENTED TARTAN, AND THE SILLY ENGLISH BELIEVED IT!
YES, I REMEMBER WRITING THAT. I SUPPOSE YOU CAME ACROSS THE LETTER!


HOPING TO IMPRESS UNCLE WILFRED, ARE YOU, YOU FRAUD? WELL, YOUR LITTLE SCHEME'S NEARLY OVER!
WE'VE REMEMBERED SOMETHING THAT WILL FINALLY COOK YOUR GOOSE!

Does Evvy have the Kenwood birthmark?

YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE KENWOOD BIRTHMARK, DID YOU? A STAR-SHAPED RED MARK ON THE HEEL! ALL KENWOOD GIRLS HAVE IT!
HE'S UP TO SOMETHING AGAIN.

WE NEVER KNEW ABOUT THE BIRTHMARK, JOE.
NO. DRAT THE BOY! I WISH THE OLD GARDENER HAD DROWNED HIM INSTEAD OF LADY EVELYN! STILL, I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!

Wilfred Kenwood asked Evvy a thousand questions—
WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THE HOUSE YOUR MOTHER'S MOTHER LIVED IN?
LADY EVELYN. MR CASTIN HAS SOMETHING FOR YOU IF YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO GO TO HIM.

LUCKY FOR US THAT I LEARNED A BIT ABOUT TATTOOING WHEN I WAS IN THE NAVY. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE KENWOOD BIRTHMARK—SO GET YOUR SHOE OFF!

NO! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STICK THESE NEEDLES INTO ME!
GRAB THE LITTLE VIXEN. WE'RE GOING TO GIVE HER A KENWOOD BIRTHMARK WHETHER SHE AGREES OR NOT!

The piece of glass that exposed a thief!

THE WILD-CAT! SHE'S BROKEN MY WRIST.
STOP, YOU DEMON!
THEY WON'T FIND ME HERE. I'LL GO TO MY HIDE-AWAY!
But after Evvy had raced to her secret hiding-place—
WHY DID I COME HERE? I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS LITTLE CLEARING IN THE BUSH, YET I WRIGGLED HERE AT ONCE! AND WHAT'S THAT FUNNY GLASS THING?
THE GOLLIWOG IN THE FILM . . THIS HIDE-AWAY . . AND NOW THIS. . . IT ALL MEANS SOMETHING TO ME! OH, I'M SO PUZZLED!
Some time later, when Evvy returned to the house—
HERE SHE IS. NOW WE'LL SEE, UNCLE WILFRED!
THIS BIRTHMARK OF THE KENWOODS. YOU HAVE IT?
DON'T TAKE THAT SHOE OFF, EVVY! WAIT TILL THE LAWYER IS PRESENT. DO AS I SAY!
THERE YOU ARE. I DON'T HAVE ANY MARK, AND I THINK THE STORY OF A KENWOOD MARK IS A LOT OF RUBBISH, SO THERE! AND ANOTHER THING. . . MY COUSIN MERYL IS A THIEF!
I REMEMBER GETTING A GOLLIWOG FOR CHRISTMAS, UNCLE. THEN MERYL CAME TO VISIT. WELL, MY GOLLY DISAPPEARED AFTER SHE HAD VISITED US. SHE MUST HAVE STOLEN IT.
IT'S TRUE THAT MERYL CAME BACK WITH A GOLLIWOG FROM YOUR PLACE. IT ONLY HAD ONE EYE.
WELL, I HAVE THE OTHER EYE. I FOUND IT IN MY HIDE-OUT.
AMAZING! MERYL, DID YOU STEAL FROM YOUR LITTLE COUSIN?
Meryl then admitted that the story of the Kenwood mark was nonsense—
JON MADE IT UP TO PROVE SHE WAS TRYING TO CHEAT US!
THAT WILL SUIT CASTIN'S PLAN . . . BUT IT JUST MIXES ME UP MORE THAN EVER.

Evvy meets the last of the Kenwood family—NEXT WEEK.

Starts today-more hilarious adventures of your favourite reporter..

Jill - JUNIOR REPORTER

JILL COOPER, junior reporter on the Appleford Clarion, was moving on! She had decided to go to London and try to get another job there.

WELL, TESS, IT'S 'BYE-BYE, APPLEFORD — HELLO, LONDON'—BUT IT'S RATHER SAD! WE'RE LEAVING A LOT OF GOOD FRIENDS BEHIND . . . BUT I WONDER WHAT LIES AHEAD?

London was all a bit different from sleepy old Appleford, as Jill soon found out.

NO LEFT TURN

CAN'T YOU READ? NO LEFT TURN!

TTOOOOOOOT! TOOT!

I'M SORRY! I'M NEW TO ALL THIS!

At last, Jill reached her Aunt Joan's, where she was to stay.

A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP BEHIND ME, AUNT JOAN, AND I'M FEELING READY TO TACKLE FLEET STREET, THE HOME OF THE BIG NEWSPAPERS. WITH THIS LETTER OF INTRODUCTION FROM THE EDITOR OF THE APPLEFORD CLARION, I RECKON I'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE GETTING A GOOD JOB!

WELL, DEAR, DON'T BE TOO DISAPPOINTED IF YOU DON'T SUCCEED AT FIRST. FLEET STREET IS FULL OF GOOD REPORTERS ALREADY!

AH, BUT I BET THEY HAVEN'T GOT A REPORTER LIKE ME!

WELL, NO DEAR. I DON'T EXPECT THEY HAVE!

It seemed simple. Jill walked down Fleet Street until she found a newspaper office—and walked straight in.

SID, I'M PRACTICALLY OUT OF MY MIND HERE, WHAT WITH THE OLD MAN SENDING ALL THE SPARE REPORTERS TO COVER EVERY POSSIBLE ANGLE ON THE MR K. VISIT THERE'S NO-ONE LEFT, NOT EVEN A SECRETARY!

EXCUSE ME, I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB, AND THIS—

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

Trouble in the traffic.

YOU WANT A JOB? I DIDN'T THINK WE HAD A SPARE REPORTER IN THE ENTIRE BUILDING! LOOK, WHOEVER YOU ARE, TAKE THIS, GET OUT THERE. GET THE STORY AND GET BACK!
BUT-I-
PHEW. WHAT A RUSH THEY'RE ALL IN. NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THIS SAYS.
HMM. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE IMPORTANT, TESS. NEVER MIND, IT'S A START. WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE SERPENTINE, WHEREVER THAT MAY BE, AND GET A STORY ABOUT A BABY SEAL BEING FOUND BY THE KEEPER.
K ON SECRET VISIT
NEWS
WHAT IS 'K' HERE FOR?
RIGHT, ACTION STATIONS, TESS. HERE WE GO . . JILL COOPER ON HER FIRST LONDON ASSIGNMENT. LET'S SHOW THESE LONDONERS HOW FAST AN APPLEFORD GIRL CAN GET A STORY!
But half an hour later she was still in the thick of the Fleet Street traffic.
I'VE NEVER SEEN TRAFFIC LIKE IT. SOLID IN EVERY DIRECTION . . . AND I'VE A STORY TO GET! MAYBE I CAN PUSH THE BIKE THROUGH THERE, THOUGH, BEHIND THAT BIG CAR . . .
But, unfortunately, Jill scraped the car.
GOLLY, I'VE TAKEN SOME PAINT OFF . . . I'D BETTER APOLOGISE. HEY, THAT'S FUNNY . . . THE BLINDS ARE DOWN.
Jill banged on the window to attract the occupant's attention.
I'M SORRY, BUT I'VE SCRAPED YOUR CAR. I SAY, I JUST-OH, CAN'T YOU OPEN THE WINDOW? YOU'LL NEVER HEAR ME IN ALL THIS DIN!
The man opened the window.
IT'S ALL THIS TRAFFIC TO BLAME. I'VE ONLY JUST COME UP TO LONDON, YOU KNOW, FROM APPLEFORD, WHERE IT'S ALL LOVELY COUNTRY. I'M ON MY WAY TO ONE OF THE PARKS THOUGH. THERE SHOULD BE SOME GREENERY AROUND THERE.
AH, HOW I ENVY YOU. A BREATH OF FRESH AIR, HOW YOU SAY, YES?
YOU OUGHT TO GET A BIT OF AIR YOURSELF, YOU KNOW. YOU SHOULDN'T BE SHUT UP IN THAT STUFFY CAR WITH THE BLINDS DRAWN ON A LOVELY DAY LIKE THIS.
YOU ARE RIGHT. I COME WITH YOU!
BUT, SIR, YOU CAN'T-
WRONG AGAIN, PUSHKIN, I ALREADY DID! NOW PLEASE TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! OFF YOU GO, YOUNG LADY, I AM GOING TO ENJOY MYSELF FOR ONCE.
And so-
IT'S NICE TO HAVE SOMEONE WITH ME. THIS IS MY FIRST JOB AND I FEEL A BIT NERVOUS ABOUT IT, YOU SEE. YOU GIVE ME CONFIDENCE!
HOW CHARMING!

Caught by the camera.

Jill was just too late for her story.
I SENT THE SEAL OFF WITH A MAN FROM THE R.S.P.C.A. NOT HALF AN HOUR AGO. SORRY!
OH, DEAR. I MISSED THE STORY. I DO HOPE THE EDITOR WON'T BE CROSS. I DON'T EXPECT HE'LL GIVE ME ANOTHER JOB, THOUGH.
CHEER UP, PERHAPS WE HAVE ICE CREAM, YES? IN MY COUNTRY, THIS IS A GREAT TREAT.
MMM, IT WOULD BE NICE. I FEEL ALL HOT AND BOTHERED AFTER FIGHTING THROUGH THE TRAFFIC, AND ALL FOR NOTHING.
Suddenly—
WHAT IS THAT? STOP THAT CAMERAMAN!
SNAPPIT! SOUVENIR SNAPS
OH, DON'T WORRY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE IT IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT. IT'S LIKE THE SEA-SIDE, HE GIVES YOU A TICKET AND YOU COLLECT THE PHOTO IF YOU WANT IT, LATER.
They spent the whole afternoon feeding the ducks, and then—
WELL, THANK YOU FOR A CHARMING AFTERNOON, MY DEAR. I CAME HERE A WORRIED MAN, BUT MY PROBLEMS HAVE ALL VANISHED. I SHALL SIGN THE AGREEMENT, AND BE ON MY WAY HOME IN A FEW HOURS!
OH, I AM GLAD. IT'S BEEN LOVELY TALKING TO YOU!
NOW I'D BETTER GET BACK AND FACE THE MUSIC—WAIT A MO, THOUGH. THIS IS THE PLACE THAT DEVELOPS THESE PICTURES. I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A SOUVENIR, SINCE THE EDITOR IS LIKELY TO SEND ME BACK TO APPLEFORD AFTER TODAY.
SNAPP IT! SOUVENIR SNAPS
Back in the Fleet Street office—
I—I'M SORRY, SIR. I WAS TOO LATE TO GET THE SEAL STORY.
EVERYONE WAS TOO LATE, TODAY. MR K. IN AND OUT OF LONDON, AND ON HIS WAY HOME BY NOW, AND NOBODY GOT NEAR ENOUGH TO GET HIS STORY, NOBODY! SAY, WHAT'S THAT?
OH, IT'S NOTHING. JUST A SNAP OF ME AND A MAN I MET IN THE TRAFFIC JAM, EVER SO NICE HE WAS, AND . . .
YOWEE! GIVE ME THAT! THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF SKIBOVIA. YOU SPENT THE WHOLE AFTERNOON WITH HIM? AM I GOING CRAZY, OR WHAT?
EVERY ACE REPORTER IN LONDON WAS SCOURING THE PLACE FOR A GLIMPSE OF HIM! BOY, HAVE WE GOT A SCOOP! WHAT DID HE SAY? WHAT DID HE DO? BOY OH BOY! YOU'LL GET A BIG BONUS IN YOUR PAY PACKET THIS WEEK.
BUT . . . I'M NOT ON THE STAFF! I DID TRY TO TELL YOU!
NOT ON THE . . . ? HEY, WE'VE GOT TO FIX THAT! SIGN HERE! AND GO AND WRITE THE STORY! AND WELCOME TO THE DAILY ECHO!
WHAT NICE PEOPLE. I'M GOING TO LOVE THIS JOB!

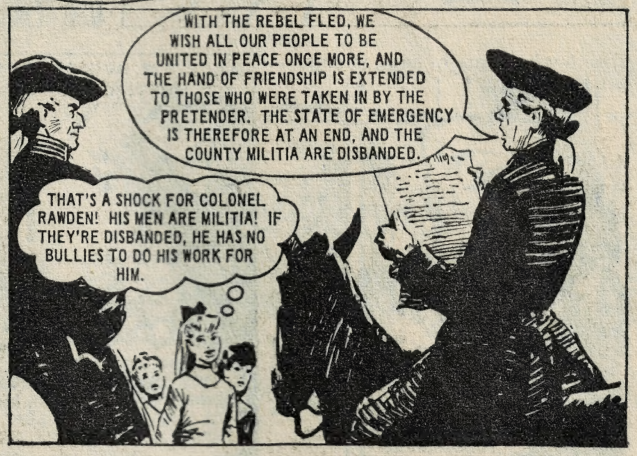
NEXT WEEK—A flower show puts Jill on the scent of a good story.

The end of Rawden's rule.

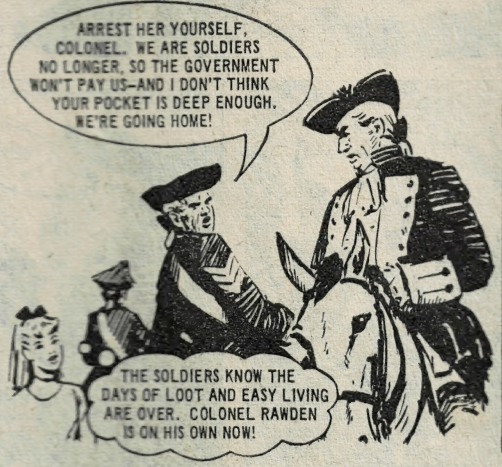
The Rebel School

IN 1745, Bonnie Prince Charlie's supporters in England were punished severely. The girls of Miss Ferguson's school, in Westmorland, had made a flag for the Prince, and Colonel Rawden, the local magistrate, imprisoned Miss Ferguson and demanded £2000 for her release. Anne Latimer, the girls' leader, was determined to pay the fine.

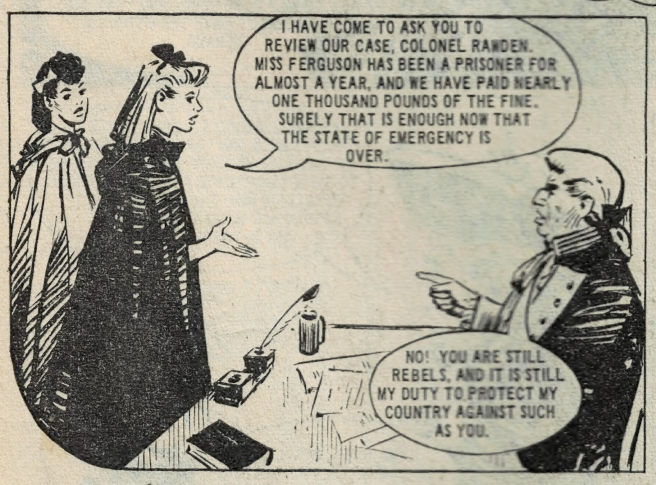
HERE COME COLONEL RAWDEN AND HIS MEN. WHO IS THE STRANGER WITH THEM? HE LOOKS LIKE A MESSENGER.
GATHER ROUND, YOU REBELS! THE MESSENGER IS TO READ A PROCLAMATION FROM YOUR LAWFUL KING IN LONDON.


WITH THE REBEL FLED, WE WISH ALL OUR PEOPLE TO BE UNITED IN PEACE ONCE MORE, AND THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP IS EXTENDED TO THOSE WHO WERE TAKEN IN BY THE PRETENDER. THE STATE OF EMERGENCY IS THEREFORE AT AN END, AND THE COUNTY MILITIA ARE DISBANDED.
THAT'S A SHOCK FOR COLONEL RAWDEN! HIS MEN ARE MILITIA! IF THEY'RE DISBANDED, HE HAS NO BULLIES TO DO HIS WORK FOR HIM.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO PROTECT YOURSELF NOW, COLONEL RAWDEN? THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTY WITH SCORES TO SETTLE WITH YOU!
YOU ARE INSOLENT, MISS! SERGEANT, ARREST THIS GIRL!


ARREST HER YOURSELF, COLONEL. WE ARE SOLDIERS NO LONGER, SO THE GOVERNMENT WON'T PAY US–AND I DON'T THINK YOUR POCKET IS DEEP ENOUGH. WE'RE GOING HOME!
THE SOLDIERS KNOW THE DAYS OF LOOT AND EASY LIVING ARE OVER. COLONEL RAWDEN IS ON HIS OWN NOW!

THE BOLD COLONEL ISN'T IN SUCH GOOD HEART NOW.
NO, JEAN. YOU AND I WILL FOLLOW HIM TO HIS HOUSE–I WISH TO SPEAK TO HIM ABOUT MISS FERGUSON.


I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU TO REVIEW OUR CASE, COLONEL RAWDEN. MISS FERGUSON HAS BEEN A PRISONER FOR ALMOST A YEAR, AND WE HAVE PAID NEARLY ONE THOUSAND POUNDS OF THE FINE. SURELY THAT IS ENOUGH NOW THAT THE STATE OF EMERGENCY IS OVER.
NO! YOU ARE STILL REBELS, AND IT IS STILL MY DUTY TO PROTECT MY COUNTRY AGAINST SUCH AS YOU.

WE HEAR THAT THE KING IS SENDING COMMISSIONERS ABOUT THE COUNTRY TO EXAMINE THE CASES OF PEOPLE CHARGED AS REBELS. THEY MAY NOT LIKE THE JUSTICE YOU HAVE METED OUT IN THE KING'S NAME, COLONEL RAWDEN.

The three strangers.

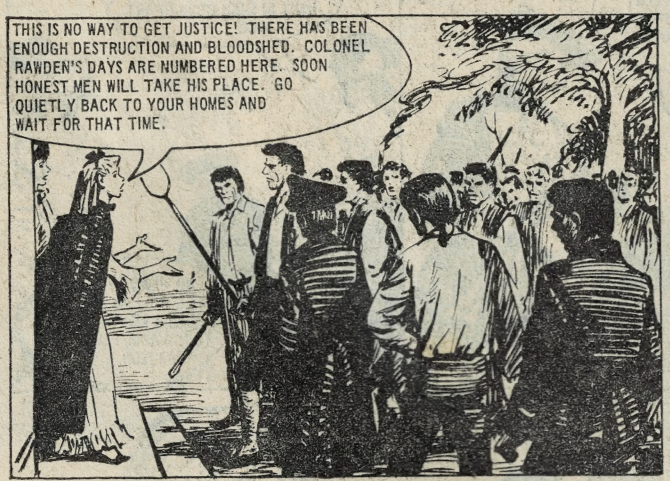
COLONEL RAWDEN HAS COLLECTED A GREAT DEAL OF GOLD BY HIS INJUSTICES AND HE CANNOT BEAR THE THOUGHT OF LOSING IT!
BUT HE IS A FRIGHTENED MAN NOW HE NO LONGER HAS SOLDIERS BEHIND HIM. WE SHALL WIN IF WE ARE ONLY PATIENT, JEAN.

Rawden had caught sight of the men.

Inside the house, Rawden had hurried to an attic.

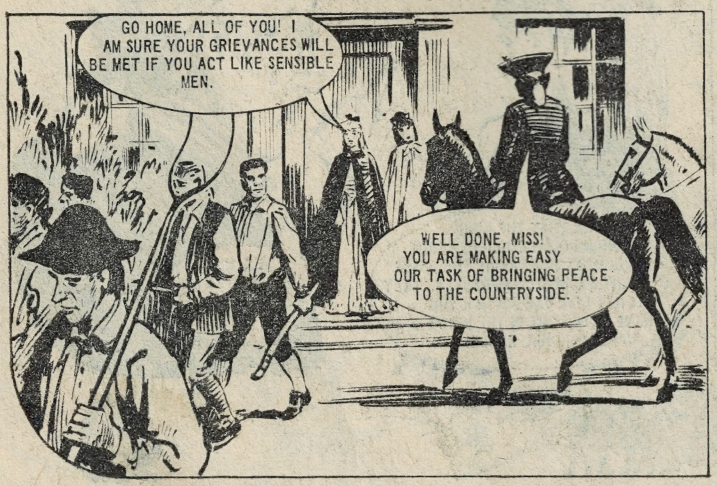
IF THE MOB DON'T TAKE ME, I MUST ANSWER TO THE KING'S COMMISSIONERS! IT'S TIME TO LEAVE. I'LL TAKE ALL THE GOLD I CAN CARRY IN MY SADDLEBAGS, AND RIDE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
RAWDEN AND HIS MEN ROBBED US AND ILL-TREATED US. NOW WE'VE COME FOR JUSTICE– AND IF WE DON'T GET IT, WE'LL BURN HIS HOUSE ABOUT HIS EARS.


THIS IS NO WAY TO GET JUSTICE! THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH DESTRUCTION AND BLOODSHED. COLONEL RAWDEN'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED HERE. SOON HONEST MEN WILL TAKE HIS PLACE. GO QUIETLY BACK TO YOUR HOMES AND WAIT FOR THAT TIME.

Outside, three of the king's officers had ridden up unnoticed.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A MOB BENT ON MISCHIEF, SIR! SHALL WE CHARGE THEM?
NO, WAIT! THEY OUTNUMBER US TEN TO ONE AND I HAVE NO WISH TO BE A DEAD HERO! AND THAT GIRL SEEMS TO HAVE THE SITUATION IN HAND.

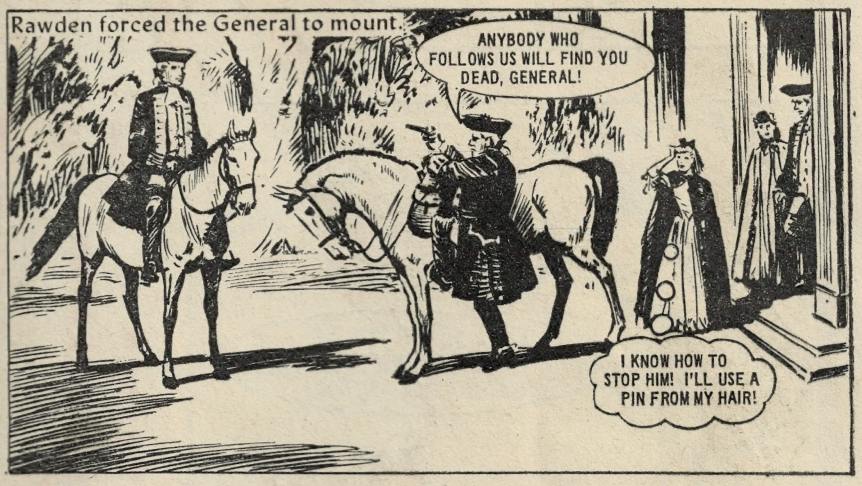

GO HOME, ALL OF YOU! I AM SURE YOUR GRIEVANCES WILL BE MET IF YOU ACT LIKE SENSIBLE MEN.
WELL DONE, MISS! YOU ARE MAKING EASY OUR TASK OF BRINGING PEACE TO THE COUNTRYSIDE.

I AM GENERAL SINCLAIR. THESE GENTLEMEN AND I ARE COMMISSIONERS OF THE KING, ORDERED TO DO ALL WE CAN TO UNITE OUR PEOPLE AGAIN. WE ARE HERE TO ENQUIRE INTO THE WAY COLONEL RAWDEN HAS ADMINISTERED JUSTICE IN THESE TROUBLESOME TIMES.
COME INSIDE, GENTLEMEN. I THINK YOU WILL FIND COLONEL RAWDEN HAS MUCH OF INTEREST TO TELL YOU!

The hair-pin that toppled a tyrant.

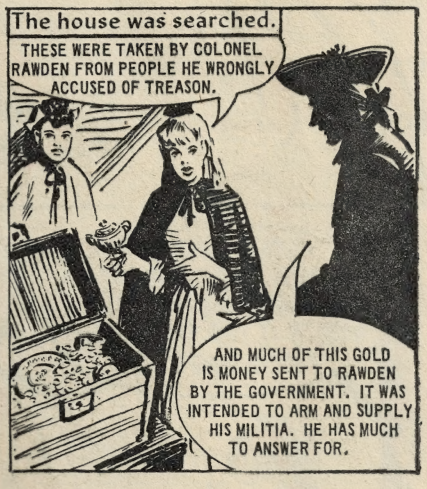
Rawden suddenly pulled out a pistol.

Rawden forced the General to mount.



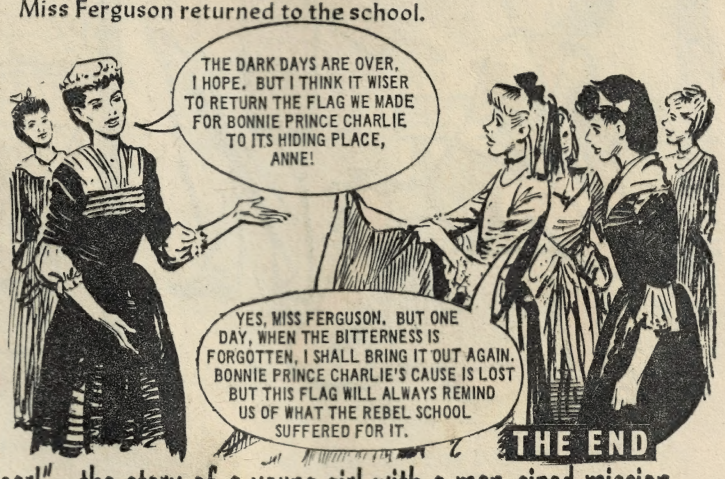
Anne jabbed the pin into Colonel Rawden's horse.

The house was searched.


THESE WERE TAKEN BY COLONEL RAWDEN FROM PEOPLE HE WRONGLY ACCUSED OF TREASON.
AND MUCH OF THIS GOLD IS MONEY SENT TO RAWDEN BY THE GOVERNMENT. IT WAS INTENDED TO ARM AND SUPPLY HIS MILITIA. HE HAS MUCH TO ANSWER FOR.

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT OUR COUNTRY HAS SUFFERED MUCH MORE FROM COLONEL RAWDEN THAN FROM YOU GIRLS. THE REBELLION IS OVER, AND WE MUST FORGET IT. I AM ORDERING THE RELEASE OF YOUR TEACHER, AND THE CANCELLING OF YOUR FINE.
THIS IS THE DAY WE HAVE WORKED FOR DURING THESE WEARY MONTHS, GENERAL.

Miss Ferguson returned to the school.


THE DARK DAYS ARE OVER, I HOPE. BUT I THINK IT WISER TO RETURN THE FLAG WE MADE FOR BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE TO ITS HIDING PLACE, ANNE!
YES, MISS FERGUSON. BUT ONE DAY, WHEN THE BITTERNESS IS FORGOTTEN, I SHALL BRING IT OUT AGAIN. BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S CAUSE IS LOST BUT THIS FLAG WILL ALWAYS REMIND US OF WHAT THE REBEL SCHOOL SUFFERED FOR IT.
THE END

STARTS NEXT WEEK—"The Courage of Little Pearl"—the story of a young girl with a man-sized mission.

Continued from front cover.

Teresa Nicholson

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